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GRANUAILE

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A Queen of the West

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C. R. PANTER

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# GRANUAILE



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# GRANUAILE

## A Queen of the West

A Poem in Six Cantos

BY  
CHARLES RICHARD PANTER

LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE, AND OTHER POEMS"  
ETC.

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## PREFACE

This Poem was written nearly twenty years ago, and had been intended to follow, in publication, "Orpheus and Eurydice, and Other Poems:" but, in 1882, after a second edition of that work had appeared, I entered the Ministry of the Church, and my doubts as to the compatibility of secular poetry, and sacred functions, restrained me from giving this Poem, sooner, to the public; although the late James Anthony Froude strongly urged me to have it published, remarking:—"It is high time the Historico-Romantic Muse should take the field, and re-assert her sway."

With respect to the compatibility of things sacred and secular, I have changed my mind. A riper judgment forces one to believe that all things good are sacred. It is the use, or teaching, of anything which renders it good or evil.

It was my intention to leave the manuscripts of the ensuing Poem, and other poetical writings, for publication after my death, when the critics might,—if they liked the pastime,—make a target of my tombstone.

The Reader, it is hoped, will find in this Romantic-Epic a true picture of some of the most courtly, and more of the rough characters of ENGLISH ELIZABETH'S REIGN.

There are a few historic anachronisms in this Poem, for which is claimed the pardon of Clio, and the protection of Poetic License.

C. R. PANTER.

*Wickhampton Rectory, Norfolk.*



THE subject of this Poem, Granuaile, or "Grace of the Heroes," was a daughter of the High Chief of the O'Malley Sept, whose possessions were situated in the West Coast of Ireland. This woman was notable for her powerful frame, her ardent love of rule; and, for success in such naval and military exploits as the piratical and tribal wars in her neighbourhood afforded.

With little consideration for right, she overrode, by strength of character, and force of arms, the claims of every candidate to the chieftainship of the O'Malley Clan. In time she became the undisputed, feared, but nevertheless, trusted, leader of the fortunes of her race; and during her long reign was the terror of those Septs at feud with her own people.

The Poem opens with the celebrated interview between Queen Elizabeth and Granuaile, who, at the former's invitation, had crossed from Ireland to visit the English Court. And it continues, and finishes, with the romantic adventures met by that Chieftainess on her return to Ireland.

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# GRANUAILE :

## A QUEEN OF THE WEST.

### CANTO FIRST.

#### THE COURT.

"Twas afternoon,—a brilliant Lammas day,  
Well matched in brilliance by the proud array  
Of England's noblest born, in birth and brain,  
Who graced the lawn of Hampton Court domain.  
The Lammas sun's uninterrupted gaze  
Of glowing light, the wide champaign surveys :  
So searchingly were showered his floods of light  
The shadows fainted, and the shades grew bright.  
The outlands seemed as golden tents were piled,  
Where stood in stooks the sickled harvest filed,  
And meadowed cattle, burdened by the sun,  
Its fiercer heat, in wooded shelters, shun.  
The pleasance-sward, the Palace portals faced,  
Was canopied by trees, whose interlaced  
And linking arms hung draped in foliage flush  
Athwart its floor of mossy emerald plush.  
From flooding light, so latticed off by leaves,  
Few filtered rays the shade beneath receives ;  
Save shimmering, here and there, along the green  
Some percolated specks of light were seen ;

While myriad air-stirred leaves, like fanlets play  
To gently wave the overheat away.

Six stately Heralds of the Royal Guard  
Stand, double-deep, on Hampton's Palace sward ;  
Their burnished trumps proclaim, in florid strains,  
To grace, Elizabeth of England, deigna,  
With special pageant one historic scene  
Of many favoured by the Tudor Queen.

A three-grade dais, on the verdant floor,  
A throne of state, and England's standard bore,  
And, on each step, with cloth of gold o'erspread,  
Was '*England, France, and Ireland*,' wrought in red ;  
To show three Kingdoms fair her sceptre owned,  
Who guarded England's liberties enthroned :  
Whose rule imbred the nerve which since hath won  
Victoria's Empire of the Unsetting Sun.

Courtiers, in tournament of wit, or grave debate,  
The presence of their Lady Liege await,  
Some paced apart, and some in groups combined,  
As friendship, interest, or intrigue inclined :  
There trode gold-questers from the Spanish Main,  
And glory-wresters from battalioned plain :  
And diplomats who caught by ambuscade  
Their trappers in the very snares these laid :  
Inditers deep were there whose living page  
For Time eterne was penned,—an heritage !  
And *one*, was there, who plied the plume, outflow  
In heaven of genius all the aerial crew.  
For haught of heart, and virile mental thew,  
No peers the elect of genius midst them knew,

Nor epoch since nor erst acclaimed a throng  
So rich in Mind, Philosophy, and Song.—  
Then, Rule by vigour-head in England reigned,  
And not by figurehead, nor head unbrained :—  
Theirs the prime impetus, and theirs the will  
That bred an Empire in its brawny vigour still.

The Heralds sound—‘Assemble’—to the Court,  
The Lords their knights and gentlemen assort,  
And, ranged, in place, by right of rank and birth,  
A reverent mien succeeds their careless mirth.  
Towards the throne, beneath the woodland arch.  
The Royal Guards, a-rear the Heralds march ;\*  
And pressing forth the distant guard-house sweep  
The buff-clad, cuirassed, Pikemen, double-deep :  
By twelves, four-deep, then forward strode ten groups,  
Of stalwart, gay accoutred Household Troops,  
Who, by the dais, on either side, behind,  
Form up, and shoulder stand to shoulder lined.  
Then firm in step, with stately smiling mien,  
A Queen by nature, as by right a Queen,—  
From out the Palace-portal, ‘mid a strain  
Of trumpet-flourish—guarded by a train  
Of joyous lady-squires, in conquering pairs,  
(Like Queen Diana midst her beauteous fairs,)—  
Approached her sylvan throne, Elizabeth  
Whose Land, and Crown, and Church, God honoureth.

And while the fanfare sounds ;—‘God Bless the Queen !’  
In loyal rapture rings along the green.—  
As glistening glides the full-orbed satellite

\* The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms.



Of Earth past stars, whose distance dwarfs their light,  
 So passed, through galaxies of genius bright,  
 Whose lowly distance dimmed their magnitude,  
 A genius-queen with inborn Rule endued.

An actful life she lived, prolific, great  
 In winning empire from the world's estate :  
 Her verve and wisdom-touch momentum gave  
 To England's triumphs on the imperial wave :  
 More regnantly she reigned (by hardships schooled  
 In youth) o'er self, than o'er the realm she ruled :—  
 At times, through thwarts, her lion will would chafe  
 Against the power, acquired, to smuggle safe  
 The heart's emotions, 'neath an ambushade  
 Of deepset words, and dark Demeanour's shade—  
 Yet, subject knelt the monarch to her own  
 Imperious Will—Usurper of her Throne.  
 Success her Subject stood, for genius manned  
 The Reign so much of England's lifetime spanned.

The Queen ascending to the zenith-seat  
 Of power : her dames beyond the Throne retreat :  
 Then, from the lion-crested Chair, she rose,  
 And spake :—'My Lord and Lieges, here we chose  
 That we, of condescending grace, receive  
 Some who,—save vagrant, mis-report deceive—  
 Are strange to civil sight as aught, I ween,  
 Of mortal folks, depict in *Faerie Queen*'<sup>2</sup>  
 And native dwellers of the land are they,  
 Where bides the bird who piped that marvel lay,  
 Led by a Chieftainess, O'Malley Mhor,

'Queen of the Isles,' of Connemara's shore.  
Ha, ha ! my Lords, the sway of womankind  
Seems now assured ; our vaunting masters find  
Their mated dames, their more than mate in mind.  
Not of ourself we speak, our mind is known,  
Our People's Rights, we hold, defend Our own—  
Of one we speak, who, spite of hindering sex,  
No artful code of man-made cunning checks,  
Nor serried ranks of rebel factions stay  
From pressing to the front, her female way,  
By stout, forced marches of the fervent will,  
Or seizing changeful chance with rapid skill.  
Thus merit throned her Chief, where men, of choice  
And custom, are preferred by public voice.  
The pose of her affairs her powers applaud—  
The woman governs, and the men are awed !  
True !—rough and high the methods must have been  
That crowned her, ever warring, warrior's queen ;  
For, queen so absolute is she, none dare  
With her (as you, my Lords, with us,) to share  
Prerogative, and pert opinions broach,  
And on her state audaciously encroach ;  
The battle-brunt she braves, herself the van,  
Think not a fearless woman *mates* not man !  
But speech avaunt !—Lord Burleigh's wisdom waits  
To speak:—Our will his wish anticipates.

## BURLEIGH.

Beseech, the foreign Envoies of your Grace  
An audience, at what time the novel race  
Of folk, that hither come from Irish land,  
Be ushered into Court : have I command

To bid their noble Excellencies come ?  
 And Shireland gentry wait with other some,  
 Who, of a curious spirit, fain would see  
 The Chieftainess of Western Irishrie,

## ELIZABETH.

The Royal Embassies with glad accord  
 We welcome on our English greenwood sward ;  
 Nor marvel we our faithful commonalty  
 Are moved with wonder, like ourself, to see  
 This Granuaile. Good Raleigh, thou hast seen  
 Her, where she reigns and raids—a Tribal Queen,  
 What of her sort ?

## RALEIGH.

I 'faith ! rare sort, my Liege.  
 We curious ?—Far more curious they besiege  
 Your princely Court, and here assemble under  
 Semblance of affairs : but more belike to wonder  
 At, and glorify great Gloriana's self ;  
 Those Celts believe each dragon, giant, elf,  
 In Faerie Queen which Poet Spenser saw,  
 Are real folk as we, and more do stand in awe  
 Of Faerie-Code than fear of English Law :  
 Well doth his stories, weird, shine through the shroud  
 Of Fairy Night, as stars through veil of cloud.

## ELIZABETH.

Great Gloriana's self !—Oh, where the dame,  
 Her sex, so out-excels in Beauty's fame ?  
 Doth allegory paint this Granuaile  
 As Gloriana in the Faerie-Tale ?

RALEIGH.

My troth, your Highness, no !—A giantess,  
More fond of blows, is she, than courtliness :  
A lady amazon, not ladye faire,  
More fit for war than home's domestic wear.  
No model she, for celsitude romaunt  
That poet's love-beguiled, do love to chaunt.  
To her Wed-knight she's more than master's mate  
'Tis said. My troth, your Highness, no ! not great,  
Sweet, Gloriana's self is she.

ELIZABETH.

Hold, sir !—

Our guest is she, and of our sex : of her  
Speak not averse to chivalry of heart  
Like thine, and etiquette of which thou art  
The master-knight. Oh, fye ! Sir Walter ; fye !  
Must woman, woman shield, while knights are by !

RALEIGH.

For my unknightly sin ill haste I plead,  
My Liege ; words broached in haste stop not for heed ;  
As hurrying heels, too oft outstrip good speed.  
From out forget of self my words had sprung  
Ere Caution's guard had time to warn my tongue.  
Let sharp surprise, at incongruity  
'Twixt Granuaile and Gloriana, be  
Excuse for rude comparison that did  
Fair knighthood's canon break : but, were I bid  
To answer, where is Gloriana seen ?  
I should reply—she shines in England's Queen.

Spenser, Elizabeth for Gloriana took  
And graved her name in golden Fancy's book.

## ELIZABETH.

Imprudent knight ! thy Caution's guard forgot !  
Can knighthood's canon fire and lodge the shot  
At woman's fame ?—Thy charge we take it not  
Uncomelily. Much, Raleigh, thou didst roam<sup>s</sup>  
The Irish coast, depict, we pray, the home  
Where dwells this ocean queen.

## RALEIGH.

The shores you ask<sup>4</sup>  
Pourtrayed, would genius of a Spenser task  
To body forth its peerless imagery,  
Its varied charms of mountain, isles, and sea.  
There laves the sovran bay of inland seas,  
Fed from the founted-breasts of the Killeries.  
In broadest day, o'erbroods that bastioned loch  
Abiding gloom—and Day the Night doth mock,  
Or, haply there night-shades outsleep the night  
And wake too late to fly with morning light ;  
Oft roofing clouds span mount to mount, and form  
A vasty cave, wherein the mad-willed storm  
In deafening brattle spends his horrent wrath,  
While Sol, above the cloud-domed cave, his path  
Bestrides enrobed in gold-fringed mist and smiles  
On all besides of mountain, ocean, isles ;  
But, no bold ray to sheen its water-floor,  
Dares to invade the cave-pavilioned o'er.  
I've seen the star-isled sea of heaven at night,  
Lit by the sailing moon, in concave bright,

Shine 'neath the loch, as if some magic love  
A twin-born heaven begot like that above.  
The straight-limbed pines stalk up the mountain steep—  
A green-plumed army, mustered myriad-deep.  
The fisher-corries dance the ocean's floor,  
And pace their galliards to and fro the shore ;  
The woods resound with song-birds' screeching scare  
When pirate, golden eagle sails the air.  
Such scenes, romantic, real, these eyes have seen,  
Where, by Atlantic, bides this ocean-queen  
On Island Clare,<sup>5</sup> so lone, it hints to mind,  
An island-exile banished from its kind.  
'Tis told of Granuaile that round her wrist,  
Ere sleep at night she seeks, a rope is twist,<sup>5</sup>  
Whose other end, without her Castle's wall,  
In reach of sentry's hand is hung ; befall  
Aught treachery, or threatening harm,  
The sentry draws the rope to thrill alarm.

## ELIZABETH.

So strange, but safe, precaution 'gainst surprise,  
Belauds her ready power of shrewd devise ;  
Elsewhere in royal hand 'gainst sly assault,  
A noose is wound can bid the traitor halt.  
But here advance the Lords from foreign courts,<sup>6</sup>  
Their nations' traits are imaged in their ports.

## RALEIGH.

Your Grace's eye applauds your Grace's wit,  
For eye and wit like bow and arrow fit,  
And thou like Cynthia, sure the mark hast hit.

The Frenchman's fulgent gaiety of air,  
 Outlaughes, and outfinesses, artful Care :  
 The Spaniard's carriage haught and grave, his spleen,  
 And high-disdainful dominance of mien,  
 Display Ambition as the master-motive,  
 To which all other passions pay them votive ;  
 Pride nubilates his melancholy brow,  
 And makes his virtues at her footstool bow,  
 The stubborn Dutchman plods at holme and helm,  
 A tyrant toil o'er his amphibious realm,  
 His burly body, like a barrel-buoy  
 Afloat,—his soul all self, and self his joy.

## BURLINGH.

Tush ! noble Raleigh, leave the Royal ear  
 At peace—the Lords-Ambassador draw near.  
 Come hither, Page O'Neill, they voice astrung,  
 From cradle-days to speak the Celtic tongue,  
 Shall, when thy country folk approach the dais,  
 Their jargon explicate unto her Grace.

## O'NEILL.

Their jargon ! callest thou our ancient tongue ?  
 'Twas centuries old when English speech was young.  
 Long ere thy Lion-monarchs' family  
 Were cubbed to kingdoms win, and rule the sea,  
 Kings reigned, in might, on Erin's western shore,  
 From whom this Granuaile, O'Malley Mhor,<sup>7</sup>  
 Derives descent, almost, from ancient yore<sup>8</sup>  
 Remote as race of high O'Neill's.

## BURLLEIGH.

Boy ! prate  
Not thou so pert at such pernicious rate :  
My knowledge of the living Celt, to me,  
Is lore enow ! With mythic pedigree,  
Of hers or thine, to meddle suits me not ;  
To crush Rebellion's head, and counterplot  
Hispano-Irish schemes doth best me please :  
Were I remiss, with next foul-favouring breeze,  
Would Spanish galleons ramp the Irish seas :  
But loyal study mine to settle safe,  
If God permit ! the seething Irish chafe.

## O'NEILL.

Will God permit ? Our present clash of words,  
Take heed, it omen not debate with swords,  
When chance is ripe, and tell thou mayst engage  
A future foeman in the insulted Page.<sup>9</sup>

## BURLLEIGH.

Doth greenbud Page of Honour prophet turn ?  
'Tis meet, then, grey-beard counsellor mark, and learn !  
But, Chance, when ripe, her fruit shall be for them  
Of longest arm to pluck it from the stem :  
Tarry ! O'Neill, her Highness beckons me.

## ELIZABETH.

Lord Burleigh, hither come the Irishrie,  
And, hither, more by-strides than steps they pace :  
This Grace O'Malley leads in height and grace,  
And towers abnormal to our sex's size.



Her retinue instruction to our eyes  
 Conveys, of information new ! their face,  
 Their garb ; the fashion of their hair, a race  
 Bewrays most foreign of the foreignmost,  
 Though subjects of our realm : a bolder host,  
 Of fiercer aspect never did engage,  
 Our gaze before. Ho, Chamberlain ! a stage  
 Hold back their cavalcade till we be drilled  
 In habitude of them. O'Neill ! art skilled  
 To show the meaning of uncouth attire  
 Your Celtic cousins wear ? We would enquire  
 Its reason, if a reason can apply  
 To fashion.

## O'NEILL.

True ! your Highness, Modes defy  
 The wit of man to fit the reason why,  
 Upon the body of their use, and plan.  
 In Ireland fashions bide as they began ;  
 And if our Celtic garb be passing strange  
 To English eyes, it pleads the praise, that change  
 Is not the herald, there, of freakish fashion ;  
 For freak of dress is Folly's master passion.  
 I fain would show, your Grace, that things are strange,  
 Not, as of use, but more through whim of change.  
 From rainbow rays the ancient pattern springs,<sup>10</sup>  
 That, seven-hued, streak the garment of our kings,  
 When, as Milesius touched our shores, a limb,  
 Tradition says, of rainbow shrouded him ;  
 Its fellow limb encircling moved around  
 Iernie's coast, to mark the sovereign bound

Of his dominion. Six hues, save one,  
Of heaven-spun tints, our Ollamh mantles don,  
To show they *second* stand to Kings in power.  
Second? Nay, how oft has Song made cower  
The crest of Kings? and tuned the people's voice  
To rebel strains, and crowned another choice  
To king the land.

## ELIZABETH.

Great heaven! This licence, Page,  
Of aimed digression unbecomes thine age;  
And usage of our English Court. Take heed!  
Our angered crest be not aroused to speed  
A sucking traitor to the Tower's embrace;  
My soul! our Pages, would of late demean  
Their subject dues to us as England's Queen:  
Young Sidney, too, but yesterweek, disowned—  
The right Divine of every monarch throned—  
Our right to wed a Ward to whom we would;  
And, in our Chancellor's convincing mood,  
Us argued down, and said, 'Thrones sinned that strove  
To sunder bonded-hearts, of heaven-bound love.'  
And dared to quote Republic Laws to fence  
His ground: it scored our heart to bid him hence,  
So princely graced in form, and mind, but yet  
We did. However, Lords, we shall not fret,  
That Sidney saw not what O'Neill beheld  
In us, those traits of womanhood, excelled  
By none, which love and duty wake in men.  
O'Neill! frown not, our speech just anger thrills;  
Thy words, thy claim, to Ulster little skills

## O'NEILL.

I pardon crave ; my native Celtic fire  
 Ancestral is, of thousand camps acquire.  
 Self-check, I must attain, and learn to steer  
 My tongue's small craft with ductile gear ;  
 Not captive chains, but chains of captive beauty  
 In England's Queen, me captive binds to duty.

## ELIZABETH.

That we are prized, we favouring Nature thank ;  
 We chide in love, and fit in time, will rank  
 Thee Ulster's Earl, when thou art fashioned  
 Finished knight. Say on, speak unimpassioned.

BURLEIGH (*aside.*)

How flirts this Page with woman's fondest bane !  
 How flatters he, and she how blindside vain.

## O'NEILL

By Irish use, five colours wears a Chief ;  
 And Brehons teach our Septs, this old belief,  
 That *one* means,—Bear the Sword : *two*,—Fair be kept  
 The Justice Scales : *three* colours mean,—except  
 Our all be held in Name of Trinitie,  
 Vain is our Kings', our Ollamhs', Chiefs', authoritie.  
*Four* show,—its goods, and cattle, gear, and lands,  
 Each Sept, in common, owns : *Five*,—Mail the Hand,  
 Of Brehon Judge, to smite with iron power  
 A traitor chief, or kerne, of state or dower.  
*Four* colours wears the Brehon, for his wand  
 Points law to each fourth corner of the land.

*Three* colours are by minor Chieftains worn,  
Because to courage, right, and fealty sworn.  
*Two* colours show that alien's land is kept,  
By wedlock in, and service to the Sept,  
And colour *one*, or *none*, goes by default  
To ragged rout of beggars, hale or halt.  
Since Time we knew, our cloak of ample fold  
In winter's war is fence to fight the cold,  
The yellow surcoat, belted, seen beneath  
The crimson cloak is monarch's wear: the wreath  
Of gold around the neck, old scribes maintain,  
An heirloom is, from Greek Milesius' reign :  
And, of our lozenge plaited trews, old saws  
Say, Ptolemy the fashion-master was  
To Egypt and to Erin. Shoes of Wales,  
And checkered toga, of our cousin Gaels  
Of Scotia, wear we, for Clan-Scotia stole  
Her Roman conquerers' garb, and in the bowl  
Of mountain herbal-blood, of many dyes,  
Its hue, but not its form, doth she disguise.  
The broachpins, bracelets, Celtic cult of art  
Display, with beauty wrought in every part.

## ELIZABETH.

Enough ! good Page ; we gladly hear thee praise  
Thy land's antiquity, and Art and Ways ;  
But now appears this Queen of Isles and Seas.—  
O'Malley Mhor, our gracious 'will to please,  
Thou hast adventured far ; and here we place  
Our hand in thine as pledge of friendship's grace  
And welcome thee to best our Court commands.

Like, as we twain do stand with love-locked hands,  
So like, may closest amity our lands  
Embrace ; and favoured by the Suzerain  
Of Kings, may fair Prosperity sustain !

## GRANUAILE.

Great Majesty of England ! On our part  
I pray, in fervent reverence of heart,  
Our foremost thanks for thy rich welcome given ;  
And may thy friendship's orisons in Heaven  
Be hymned ! Great Majesty, in very deed,  
Art thou in Beauty's sovereignty, to lead  
Such angel-faced retainers, as, do here,  
My ravished eyes behold : like lightning-sear  
Their brilliance comprehension of my mind  
Doth blank, as 'twere ; and strike me glory blind.  
Doth scarce believe mine unaccustomed eyes,  
That earth such marvel-pageantry supplies ;  
And think, would I, your Court celestial born,—  
A mirage court from heaven, to earth adorn ;—  
But that I wot, no swords are flourished there,  
Nor ladies' fans, and saints, not courtiers share  
The Court of courts ! Methinks, ye rather seem  
Like queens, and knights, our bardic talesmen deem  
Inhabitants of fairy lands to be ;  
Whose garments shine like sheen upon the sea  
Where dolphins, sportively themselves amuse,  
And bathe, in sea of light, their changing hues,  
But then I know, in faith ! no fairy-smite  
Give swords of Saxon soldiery in fight ;

And orbs of English ladies, rolling charm,  
And work more woe, than fairy-folk can harm.  
Sure, Joyance here, and Peace, like pairing doves,  
Must nestle down, and live their lives in loves :—  
Oh ! bliss of such a paradise as this !

## ELIZABETH.

Heigh ho !—you make us sigh ; your imaged bliss,  
It hath no harbour here. Doth angel-robe  
Make Satan saint ?—convert him to a Job !  
What little peace is here, 'tis but the feint  
Thereof, in panoply of self-restraint  
Ensheathed : and courtiers only wear the plush  
Of manners, lest their naked passions rush  
In outrage rude, and prove them angels none ;  
Nay, not of angel-stuff are courtiers spun !  
Dress human nature howsoe'er you will,  
The naked Adam hides beneath it still.  
Come Chieftainess, ascend the dais to me,  
And sit our right-hand guest, and thou shalt see  
From vantage-ground our medley, courtly, throng,  
Where each will play his humour's part as long,  
As get and gain, keep time and chime to it.  
A few the *tenor* high of honour fit ;  
Some other sing *falsetto*, now and then,—  
They sing too high, and so, fall flat again :  
But more do grumble *bass*, and discord-grate  
Oft breaks the unison, of this, our State :  
Because some tune their notes to faction's key,  
And miss the counterpart of harmony :  
The full-scored anthem's concord, truly toned,  
Full seldom greets the ear of her enthroned.

## GRANUAILE :

## GRANUAILE.

Ay, faction !——Bane and chain of all who rule !—  
 That strives to work the regnant as its tool.  
 Doth Tyrant Faction seek to hold my land  
 In bondage, and for hostage claim my hand ?  
 By all the powers that reign, my woman's wit—  
 If Heaven to grasp the sword my hand did fit—  
 By all the goodly Gospels Writ !—shall prove my sex  
 No bar to hold my own on dais or decks.

## ELIZABETH.

That Tyrant War, in bondage holds your land  
 As hostage, and enforces woman's hand—  
 Heaven wrought for gentler work—to grasp the sword,—  
 How oft has Heaven designed, what Fate ignored !—  
 I wot you hold it well, O'Malley Mhor !  
 Our bounden thanks are due that Connaught's shore,  
 Is trimmed to order by the methods you  
 Of wisdom, and resource of sword, pursue.  
 And, we invite, political advice  
 At Council-board, of you, to weave the splice  
 Of amity our either nation needs :——  
 And may our consultations be the seeds  
 Of future blessing-crops until thy land  
 Abreast of ours in march of fortune stand.  
 But see !—Our Page O'Neill all pout and pique,  
 Attent in whispering conference, cheek by cheek,  
 With one of umbraged look, and blunt disdain,  
 Who seems to rank a chief among your train.  
 Who may he be ?

## GRANUAILE.

Yon man of sullen mien,  
So please your Grace, a Chieftain once hath been.  
Though landless now, his trusted word goes far  
Amongst our rival Septs for peace or war :  
Most frequent bides on Allen's moorland moss  
This Chief. He, having heard my ships would cross  
The sea, permission craved to join my crew,  
And shipped with us in name of Ulick Rhu,  
And see the fount of England's power in you.

## ELIZABETH.

Ha, good ! for peace or war, his word is great ?  
For service, good to come, to our Estate  
In Ireland, restitution can be made  
Of forfeit lands, or other aught, in grade  
Or rights, he claims ; but more of this anon.  
Thou, Cecil, see some vantage here be won !

O'NEILL (*aside to Ulick Rhu*).

'Chief of the Wold,' what motive witch'd thy head  
To risk it here ? Thou art proclaimed, 'tis said,  
For practising with Spain.

ULICK RHU (*aside to O'Neill*).

To spy the mines  
Of Sassanagh's and Granuaile's designs.

O'NEILL (*aside to Ulick Rhu*).

To purpose what is Grace O'Malley here ?

ULICK RHU (*aside to O'Neill*).

To make alliance 'gainst the Irish, meere,  
And mixed, who swear to keep the Spanish Pact



O'NEILL (*aside to Ulick Rhu*).

This must not be ! This union must be fract !  
Her Highness' eye and Cecil's hither swerve,  
We meet anon when meeter season serve.

ELIZABETH.

O'Neill ! what converse casts thy temper down,  
And prints thy spirit's umbrage in thy frown ?

O'NEILL.

Presaging ills which o'er our country loom ;  
Becloud our hearts with apprehensive gloom ;  
Of plans, we speak, to wholly extirpate  
The cause of Clan-na-Gael's chaotic state.

ELIZABETH.

Keep healthy hope ; no looming ills bewail !—  
The spirit sickens not when Hope is hale.  
Plans laid in gloom want heart, for glooms depress,  
And daunt the ardour that ensures success.  
We have determined that,—and ere we die—  
Our policy shall give the laughing eye,  
And cultured hand, to Ireland, maid and man ;  
By being structured on the English plan  
Of homestead life ; for in such life takes root  
Our merry naturedness, plant, flower, and fruit.  
No more, O'Neill, shall pining plaints dictate,  
Nor melancholy sighings punctuate  
Thy nation's speech.

O'NEILL.

Your Grace, would I could see  
As thou, how English modes of life could be

In Erin rooted; Think! how grew the graft  
Of Norman Harry, forced by lance and craft,<sup>11</sup>  
Upon our Celtic Tree: it coshered first,  
Then fostered with our blood, was bred, while nursed  
To Celtic bents: thus round our rebel kind  
The loyal branches of the Norman twined;  
And new Plantations like these ancient stocks,—  
By cosher, fostering, and marriage locks,—  
To Celtic bents may point their stems.

ELIZABETH.

Have done,

O'Neill! shall cosher-bonds, and fostering, run  
Our new Plantations into rebel weeds?  
Such noxious plants breed not from rival creeds!  
When Celt and Norman plashed their Trees in union,  
They knelt in soul-accord,—were one Communion:—  
In blood, two races,—one in faith,—may blend,  
But, rival Faiths to union seldom trend.  
To time, and pressure,—blest by Heaven's good grace,—  
We trust to force to peace thy warring race:  
To future interpolices we leave  
Our nations twain, their destinies to weave.  
O'Neill! except thine heart we read awry,  
Thou lookst ingrate, and rebel in the eye;  
Such portance doth thy hopes to Ulster mar,—  
Till civil training calms the wild-willed war  
Of prompts disloyal, seething in thy veins.  
We know, the wolf domestic virtue feigns  
While kennelled; loose him on the wold again,  
And all his savagery returns amain,  
And culturing care is lost!

## BURLLEIGH.

Now, I beseech  
 Your Grace, to let not anger rough your speech ;  
 Remember, penal tools, like forceps draw  
 From Celtic cubs their rebel fang and claw ;  
 If broils they stir at home, then send them prowl  
 In foreign deserts, there to fangless howl  
 Their malcontent. Methinks you underrate  
 This Page's nature, and its covert hate :  
 It fears me, too, your Grace, this Ulick's part  
 Mistakes. Your purposed Irish plans did start  
 Their souls to wrath : believe me, they will bar  
 With counterplotted plans, and chronic war  
 Your best reforms, My Liege, keep anger pent.

## ELIZABETH.

That power my race had not, my rage will vent ; \*  
 Can I my blood defy ? or, force to rout  
 One trait of character, or, bleed it out  
 My Tudor veins ; or, shake my nature free  
 Of marks heredity bequeathed to me ?  
 No, Burleigh, no ! 'tis not this pouting Page,  
 But, thwartings of our projects rouse our rage :  
 Spite Celtic thwarts, our mind remains unshaken  
 Of purposed good in Ireland undertaken  
 To conquer chronic ills :—and pledged shall be  
 The Celtic Chiefs, to common fealty.

BURLLEIGH (*aside*).

The Celt his pledge, or promise lightly makes,  
 And, either said or sworn, as lightly breaks  
 This private pact, between this Celtic pair,  
 Frustrate I shall ; its gist mine ears shall share  
 Through Gaelic spies anon.

\* When much angered, Elizabeth spoke in the first person.

ELIZABETH.

Debate be done !

Our sister-soldier to our side is won.  
 We now to other portant matters must ;  
 And prove our fealty to wholesome trust  
 In Granuaile reposed by us, and felt—  
 You know, my Lords, The Connemara Celt  
 Submissive is to Bingham's warrior art,  
 And Grace O'Malley Mhor's, who helped in part.<sup>12</sup>  
 Of Gwentydele, Sir Bingham, in reward,  
 Requests the hand, which, freely, we accord.  
 Occult, young Sidney wooed her, but her charms  
 Are hero's meed,—are not for poet's arms :  
 You murmur Lords ; 'tis sovran law, we rede,  
 A Queen, her Ward to whom she will can wed.  
 Then hence !—this man entrancing Gwentydele,  
 Whose person doth, almost, our own excel :  
 No subject star must dim the reigning orb  
 In subject eyes, nor yet, its light absorb.  
 This Ward of Court we trust O'Malley Mhor,  
 To convoy safe to Connemara's shore.

GRANUAILE.

Save, act of God forbid, by sea or land,—  
 This maid shall yielded be to Bingham's hand,

ELIZABETH.

We doubt thee not. Now hither cite the dame,  
 This Gwentydele.

LEICESTER.

Your Highness' Grace ! I claim  
 A hearing in my absent nephew's name :

On bended knees, I crave, this maiden's lot  
 With weight of Bingham's age, be burdened not ;  
 One, three-score years, on maid nineteen to force,  
 Is chaining childhood to decaying corse :  
 What dissonance !—ancient's whine conjoining  
 Maiden mirth !—all sense of concord poigning !  
 The bud of love, blight not, that hoped to flower,  
 And fruit, by basking in the light, and power,  
 And warmth, of Sidney's spring, and summer-tide  
 Of life : if Gwenydele be Bingham's bride,  
 Then—

ELIZABETH.

Bingham's will she be, in truth, not troth.  
 Young Sidney's passion is of yester-growth ;  
 Sir Bingham's is of years. Cease this debate !  
 For service done,—with title, wealth, or mate,—  
 Those serve we must whose service builds the State.  
 Anent this Ward, our Philip, we forsook ;  
 To Court he may return, if he but look  
 Unfeigned, o'er Walsingham's fair daughter's head :<sup>15</sup>

LEICESTER.

And at the Fount from which my hopes are fed  
 Oh, no ! have Philip wed, that would complete  
 A rival's happy ruin, and escheat  
 His hopes in thee. To nuptual life, with him away,  
 Who bars my path to hopes of higher sway !

ELIZABETH.

Fear not, you lie too close to our esteem  
 Of old, and now, to let a rival dream  
 Of ousting you with ease : your speech inclined  
 In us, to Philip's side, a change of mind.

Oh ! could you plead for Sidney with the charm  
You sue for self, our nerve of will, alarm  
At prospect of surrender full, might take ;  
We cannot yield, not e'en for Leicester's sake :  
The Public weal, before the private friend's,  
Must monarchs seek who serve supernal ends.  
When Gwenydele hath handseled bridal day,  
Your Philip's free. Our youths we would away  
From marriage snares, and hold them single flesh,  
For rivalry keeps lover's love afresh  
For lady loved ; a life in courtship spent  
Is bliss, but wedlock ends all merriment.  
Here glides this beauty, we are soon to lose.  
A grace unpeered, so sonnets Sidney's Muse.  
How, my Lords ! art smitten ! you wondering look  
At her, as if your truant eyes forsook,  
Or wearied of, our higher charms of form,  
So often you belaud.

## LEICESTER.

Do lookings harm ?  
Our admiration for your Majesty,  
But halts awhile, that sad Compassion's eye  
May rest, its sympathetic gaze, a space,  
Upon the beauteous sacrifice to base  
Convenience offered up. Let Mercy now,—  
Like cheery sunlight from the shaded brow,  
Of Heaven benign—come blessing, from the Throne,  
Two hearts, that each the other calls it own.  
Then Admiration with redoubled force,  
Will look again upon fair Mercy's source.

## ELIZABETH.

'Tis Pity views, not Admiration looks  
On Gwenydele ! 'Tis well ! Our heart ill brooks  
Your looks estranged. What sacrifice is here  
To ours !—foregoing loves our sex prefers,  
To mother England's people as their Queen.  
This pity like we not in subjects seen,  
It works estrangement, and estrangement breeds  
Disloyalty. We must prefer State needs  
To individual demands ; and so  
My Lord, you must your nephew's plea forego.  
Here, Gwenydele, your presence spoils debate  
Concerning you, and your affianced mate ;  
But, opens opportunity to found  
A friendship in a princess, who is bound  
To Bingham's field of fame some fortnight hence.  
Come ! lift your eyes, look not as though offence  
Had sulked your soul, unmannering your mien.  
Behold, in Granuaile, one, who hath been  
Your future husband's battle-arm, and one  
Who stood our loyal friend, in years ago.  
Her services good earnest are of trust,  
That safely she will mate thee with the just,  
And puissant President of Connaught's bounds.

## GWENYDELE.

My Sovereign Lady ! me your charge astounds !—  
No disrespect, offence, nor sulk of soul  
Unmanners me ; but I abhor the goal  
Of life, and future home to me assigned.  
Compassionate my hapless youth !—be kind !

And free our sex from men's ungenerous boast,  
That woman victimizes woman most.  
I would the life of love young natures crave !—  
Can such be lived with one Ambition's slave ?  
I claim the love which life to youth endears  
Ere sorrows muster with the coming years :  
A choice of heart, why me deny alone ?  
A right the meanest maiden calls her own.

ELIZABETH.

Quit sentiment, my Ward, give voice to reason ;  
These plaintive pleas breed sympathetic treason  
In callous courtiers e'en, and flush their eyes  
With founting tears, which though forbade arise :  
We would you well ado, and, therefore, kind,  
In wedding you to fame, and wealth combined :  
Anticipate not ills, where ills are not :  
In new employs first loves are soon forgot.  
Resolve to like your Lord, for liking grows  
To love, and love to joyance blooms as rose,  
From bud to flower. For use begets content  
Of things disliked, or else, we ne'er had spent  
Our days enthroned, but housed in homestead bliss.  
Your father, Walshingham, would think amiss  
Of wisdom in the Throne, for us to yoke,  
His child, ateam with youth, whose schemes, unbroke,  
Outstep the times ; No ! Beauty's born to lead  
Both Fame, and Fortune captive, as its meed.

GWENYDELE.

I would, my Liege, forego all wealth and fame,  
To dwell where happiest my lot became :



The sweetest home is where the heart is most.—  
 Abhors my heart a life on savage coast,  
 And home with aged man for lord!—the cot  
 A peasant owns, with love its light, is lot  
 More dear to me than palace splendour, where  
 The zest for love is not: here, I must dare,  
 My Liege, to say, assent I cannot give,  
 (As you desire)—Lord Bingham's bride to live.  
 Oh! that, my sire were not on embassy,  
 But here to fend his child!

ELIZABETH

This pettish rage!—  
 Those tears!—thy misery in forecast seen—  
 Which well their source from maiden dreads and spleen—  
 Restrain! come! dignify thy womanhood  
 By self-command, as noble maiden should!  
 See how perturbed thy pulings keep the Court!  
 Come, Chamberlain! your charge from hence escort:  
 No right have Wards to disobey nor dare!—  
 Thy prescient fears shall time dispel in air:—  
 Keep not thy fretful eyes aflow, nor sigh  
 For sympathy!

GWENYDELE.

Hard Queen! no fears have I,  
 But, subject-right 'gainst regal wrongs sustain,  
 For subjects sigh and fear when tyrants reign.

ELIZABETH.

Go to!  
 Thou malapert, unmannered minx, go woo  
 Thy Lord,—as not with us you sue—and yield,  
 Or, he must conquer in god-Hymen's field:

My Lords, pray be composed, for you shall hear  
Of Lord and Lady Bingham's bliss next year.

LEICESTER (*aside to Gwentydele*).

Be calm, keep heart for Philip, fear thee nought,  
Thou shalt be rescued from the Teagues, and brought  
To Kenilworth.

ELIZABETH.

My Leicester, what sayst thou  
To Gwentydele ?

LEICESTER.

To keep up heart enow ;  
All will be well.

ELIZABETH.

Good ! noble Leicester, good !  
By us are lovers' interests understood,  
Who, in the markets of the world's affairs  
Have bought, through check and cheat, our wisdom-wares.  
Our Court-day's toil is done ; the eve wears late,  
And weary wear we, too, of 'thwart debate :  
In mask and revel, cares uncage for flight :  
Their antidote, give thwarts in mirth to-night.  
When we retire, your actors be not fro !  
Rehearse your parts, and make such sprightly show  
Of life-like deeds,—to pleasure give such prime—  
As shall be talked of long—as ballad rhyme  
Shall chain ; and songsters chant for years to come,  
A spectacle whose fame shall not grow dumb.  
To spur your zeal, we hold, who feats the best  
Shall honour most ourself, and cousin-guest.  
Come ! Granuaile, let us, as one in heart,  
Both hand in hand, and side by side depart.

The Guardsmen shoulder pikes, the trumpets flare ;  
An avenue the courtiers, lined, prepare ;  
And all officials there, from Queen to Drum  
A-homeward march as swardward they had come.

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## CANTO SECOND.

## THE WRECK.

Wild broke the bleak, autumnal night,  
And fitful gleamed the moon's wan light,  
Through sable clouds grouped overhead,  
Like mourners for the sea-tombed dead  
Wrapped in Eblana's rocky bay <sup>14</sup>  
Where breakers chant their requiem lay.  
The wind that moaned at twilight-close,  
With deepening darkness fiercer rose ;  
And shrilly blew o'er swelling seas,  
In sudden gusts, the south-east breeze : <sup>15</sup>  
Till, challenging the wrathful skies  
The waves in mountain ridges rise,  
Whose shredded peaks before the blast,  
In showers of hissing foam are cast ;  
From shattered clouds the hurricane  
The welkin floods with torrent rain.—  
The sea-mew, and her late-fledged brood,  
By instinct-lore, to sheltering wood,  
Or inland lough, winged fearful flight  
Before the storm assailed the night ;

Though hunger tempt him forth to prey  
The famished fox in covert lay ;  
And hawk, and herne for refuge stole  
To creviced cliff or rifted bole.

Amid the broil, with crippled gear  
A gallant ship was seen laveer,  
Where dimly loomed Dunleary's strand.<sup>16</sup>  
Thrice pointed she her prow to land,  
Long wrestling with the tempest force  
She wrought to make her purposed course ;  
Nor longer strove she to prevail,  
But stood to sea before the gale ;  
And cast to hazard-hope of Fate  
The fortunes of her human freight—  
For glory doth she tempt the main,  
Unfurl her wings in search of gain !—  
And doth she as invader come  
By thirst of conquest led to roam !—  
Or sails she full with merchandize  
The fruit of peaceful enterprize ;  
And hope her crew by weather stressed  
To be yon haven's passing guest !—  
Whate'er their aim, whoe'er they be,  
They make not land in such a sea ;  
And save divinely they be sped  
This night the deep shall be their bed.

Sharp shot from black Ben Eadir's height,<sup>17</sup>  
Like lightning-bolt, a beacon light,—  
A roadway, channelling through the dark,—  
Of hope, to guide the labouring bark ;

And aid her struggle through the strife  
To launch aland her load of life.  
The heavens, the lapping fire-tongue grazed  
And redder glowed, and broader blazed :  
Its leaping flames the storm-breath spread,  
Like waving folds of banner red  
Defiantly mid the wrathful joust  
Of the warring elemental host.  
Volcano like, its flare flew high  
Incarnadining sea, and sky ;  
Discovering where the Headland lay  
Moored on the bosom of the bay,—  
The crouchant Cape, upon the deep,  
Like fabled monster roused from sleep,  
Respires its hissing flames to scare  
The foe who dare invade his lair ;—  
Or like in ideal form, methinks,  
In giant likeness, Egypt's sphinks,  
Whose frontal beams with mystic light  
To cheer with hope the votaries' sight.

Whence Magian sacrifice of yore  
Ensanguined rose on Carric Mhor, <sup>18</sup>  
The beacon's searching glare displayed  
The wreck the frenzied storm had made :  
Bereft of rudder, mast, and sail  
The shiftless ship, by sea and gale,  
From peak to vale of billow tossed,  
Now bore towards Ben Eadir's coast.  
That stern coast's jagged and splintered sides,  
Look wrinkle-worn by worrying tides :

The ceaseless siege of tempest shock  
Has scarred by wounds its martial rock.  
As escaladers charge a place  
So waves repulsed, reform and race  
Battalious up the cliff's rough face ;  
Then down its corrugated side  
In streams and cataracts divide,  
And in confusion join the tide.  
As the balista's ponderous stone—  
Against an ancient fortress thrown—  
With dire momentum, giant power,  
Could breach a bastion, crush a tower,—  
So, by momentum of the deep  
The boulders from the shingle leap,  
And, cast in showers, assault the steep.  
The boulders with the cliff contend  
That erst formed breastwork to defend,—  
The cliff, whose stubborn, beetling front,  
Unable to withstand the brunt  
Of their deep booming cannonade  
Is rent—its splintered fragments frayed,  
In shingle plunge to meet the wave,  
And, wide, the strand with ruins pave.  
Yet further west Ben Eadir's shore—  
Where gape the haunted caves of Woar<sup>19</sup>—  
Their crests the foam-fringed billows lift  
(Like white steeds charging through a breach,)  
They clattering dash through each rock rift  
Till lost to view far up the beach.  
In every tiny land-locked bay ;  
There fretted, hissing, steamy spray ;

The coast-line all along the land  
Was margined white with rolling surf,  
From the clay banks of Sutton strand .  
Far to the shores of flat Clonturf.

Encrimsoned, wide, the surges gleam  
In reflex to the beacon's beam,  
Whose broadening glare exposed to view  
The shattered bark : and frightened crew  
Lashed to the hulk, and near the surf  
Wild breaking o'er Kilbarrac's turf.  
Then piece by piece, the loosening deck,  
And seamen, some, were swept the wreck,  
With which, and whom, the waters play,  
Like tigers ere devouring prey,  
Which tantalize with hopes of life,  
And stay the stroke that stills the strife :  
So, sportive plays the savage sea  
With wretches in its toils that be ;  
Some make the shore, and think them safe—  
Escaped the ruthless breakers' chafe,—  
When bounding waves resume their play,  
And swallow here and there a prey :  
But one gigantic wave, at length,—  
That spent far up the beach its strength—  
Aloft the rifted vessel bore,  
And cast her stranded up the shore.

Behold ! a throng break o'er the sands  
With tackle armed. and kindled brands ;  
On, wildly, press they where they mark  
Aground, and fast, the broken bark.

Scarce came they ere, robust of bulk,  
A woman leaping forth the hulk,—  
And flaunting naked sword in hand,—  
Cried, sternly to the rushing band,  
“Hold on your lives! hold! wreckers hold!  
The catiff here that dare make bold  
To rob of aught cast on this shore,  
Shall rue it with his dearest gore:  
Avaunt! sea-vampire brood, nor think  
That craven by mishap, we shrink  
To your foul clutch an easy prey;  
For by the Mass! some desperate play  
We show ere greedy lust of man  
Shall end the bane the sea began.”

A stripling youth that sped the band  
Stood forth, and said, “Withdraw thy brand,  
Bold dame. Rail not! we come to aid:  
To save, we mean, and not to raid.  
We spied ye ere Day’s course was spun,  
And wadding land would hard be won  
On such a night, in such a sea  
We lit the beacon grill for thee.”

“The beacon’s light may, like the lure  
Lit eye of basilisk, ensure  
Its victim, but the victim may  
With cunning courage, fight at bay,  
And make the snarer yield its prey.  
And so, sir youth, thy tongue may charm,  
But not my judgment’s guard disarm:



Foul hearts are deep, fair words are cheap,  
And hush the guard of fools to sleep,  
But those in often danger tried  
Allow not words foul plans to hide.—  
Ye may be that ye fain would seem,  
Nor heartless wreckers, as I deem ;  
Till proof proclaim your purpose just  
Fair speech disarms not my distrust.  
Wherefore abroad with wrecker's gear,  
Save, 'tis your wont to plunder here,  
Enticed by felon fee to roam,  
Brunting the wrack 'neath heaven's dome,  
When all are housed who claim a home ?”

“Peace ! dame keep thou thy flouts for those  
Who weaponed come to bandy blows ;  
Unarmed we come, our purpose ruth ;  
Our deeds shall prove our words are truth.  
Of our intent, and presence here,  
If thou wouldst further know, give ear.  
While hawking o'er Slieve Martin's height <sup>20</sup>—  
Ere twilight's shadows merged in night,—  
I saw you thrice make bold to cope  
With adverse winds, and vainly hope  
To flank the tempest's wilful bent.  
Your hardihood in wonderment  
I marked, till hapless overwhelmed  
Your ship tossed helpless, and unhelmed ;  
Towards yon buttressed Ben impelled,  
It seemed her drifting course she held.  
As o'er strung bow when aim is taen  
Snaps, and the arrow flies in vain,

So did her aim its purpose slip,  
So flew at hazards hap thy ship,  
Till buried in the deepening dark,  
Her fate no human eye could mark.  
I sprang, as one in mortal chase,  
Alarmed the cantred's hardy race,  
Whose sea-lived life breeds ready wit  
For sudden need equips them fit :  
Our beacon lit we hastened here  
With link-folk, hounds, and saving gear.  
Believe me, raider, wrecker, rogue,  
Are alien names for Cathal Ogue  
Truce to delay ! command our skill,  
And words hereafter an you will."

"Methinks fair youth thy steady eye  
Is such as gives not tongue the lie.  
Thy plea prevails : now pardon grant  
For rude accost, and ready taunt ;  
And like the charity of Heaven  
Let past be past, and words forgiven.  
Too long good time hath waned to waste,  
Ho ! to the rescue ; strangers hasta,  
Give succour as your skill dictates  
A truce proclaim to our debates."  
If acts your given promise fail,  
Then rue deceiving Granuaile.

Now ranked, and following Granuaile  
Abeach sprang all whom fate left hale ;  
While, well as might, the feebler crew  
Crept from the hatches, faint and few,

And ablest in that anxious tide—  
To organize, command, and guide—  
Was Granuaile, who never lacked  
Both wit to plan, and will to act.  
Her words of cheer, winged through each group,  
Had fanned to zeal the sea-worn troop,—  
Those rude sea rovers of her sept  
In helot reverence whom she kept,  
Dispute dare none far less defy,  
Her mandate spoke, with meaning eye,  
The sway of years, and crafty skill,  
Like willows bent them to her will.  
The cantred's men played hand and heart,  
Full well, the "Good Samaritan's" part,  
Leagued with the crew, in rescue-hood,  
They aid those beachen by the flood ;  
The water-wounded from the reef,  
And rock-hurt helpless, find relief ;  
The wreckage, sea, the hulk, the sands,  
Are searched by eager scattered bands ;  
And, near and far, here grouped, there lone,  
The flickering flambeaus, dimmed, and shone.

What bodes the speed wherewith the strand  
Is overrun and closely scanned  
By Granuaile, her mien betraying  
Some anxious dread her bosom swaying ?  
What bode her roving glance and quest,  
And questions which alarm expressed ?  
Till, swift as freak of fickle wind  
She turns, and hurriedly inclined

Her steps, where crowd a group in toil,  
Of quick bestir, midst salvage spoil,  
And through the throng a passage forced  
To one who loudest there discoursed :  
As surges chafe a rugged rock,  
So bursts her wrath on Ulick Rhu ;  
As calm the rock withstands the shock  
So calmly he abides it too.

“ Dastard in duty, art thou there ?—  
Where bides the maid I bade the care,—  
The Ward of my solicitude ? ”

“ Hear Chieftainess,” bold Ulick sued,  
“ Forbear to chide, till blame be due,  
And deign to hear my story through.  
As long as I.”——

“ Tush, words no more !  
For lack of duty wouldst thou pour  
Upon mine ear some soft excuse ?—  
Such was the first man’s idle ruse.  
What spell unnerved the man in thee,  
And caused thy vigil eye not see !  
Could freak of fear thy courage cheat,  
And chill thy spirit’s wonted heat,  
That thou art here, alive and well,  
Without thy charge, fair Gwenydele ? ”

“ When storm-misfortunes did oerwhelm,  
And hope, and help, and sail and helm,  
And all was, save our courage, lost  
On board, a spar-made raft I crossed,

And lashed it to the fallen mast,  
And to it Gwentydele made fast ;  
And left in care of Heaven and chance  
To frustrate adverse circumstance."

"Hist ! stay—what cries are those outblate  
The storm's rude concert, and do grate  
Upon its wrathful symphony ?—  
Go ! thither fleetly, hie, and see.  
Save Satan prowl in wolf like form,  
Ravening for souls amid the storm,  
Those cries, methinks, are but the bay  
Of wolf-hounds starting forth a prey  
Hie ! Ulick hie ! to whence these cries  
Proceed."

Forth Ulick speeds, and spies  
Young Cathal, and his noble brace  
Of hounds, well proved for parts and pace,  
Whose bay loud o'er the wrack rebounds :  
Well Ulick knows such signal sounds  
Of errless instinct indicate  
Some quarry nigh :—Cathal, elate,  
Projects his vision, strained, to where  
The rampant hounds, full-eyed, astare,  
Descry a form on wreckage borne,—  
All moveless, helpless, lone and lorn,—  
Abreast the billows sink and rise,  
While muffled by the foam it lies ;  
The hound's, alert, impatient scanned  
His look, and bounding o'er the sand  
Anticipate their lord's command.

With yell and bark, of courage born,  
They take the foam, the billows scorn ;  
Scorning strong ebb, and surfy scum,  
The gallant brace undaunted come ;  
Unbaffled by the churlish tide  
The wreckage fast is shoreward plied,  
Till safe they beach their seawon trove.  
Then Cathal's eager arms remove  
A maiden, who lay senseless, lashed,  
Upon a raft of rigging plashed :—  
As visioned form of loveliness  
Betrays the sense in sleep's caress,  
So Cathal's eye and soul beguiled,  
Doubts if he gaze on mortal child :  
Brief ecstasy so held his breast,—  
Hard though the time for action pressed,—  
There mute, and motionless, he glanced  
Awhile upon her form—entranced  
Of beauty centred in this maid.  
Can this be Death in masquerade ?  
Or, finally in person come  
To steal life from its flesh-bound home ?  
He thought, and cried in agony,  
"Speak Gwenydele ! speak ! speak to me  
'Tis Cathal's voice enquires of thee."

The hounds, whose rescue had amazed,  
The crowd, are now caressed and praised,  
"God's saints be blessed," then Ulick said,  
"For drifting here, alive or dead,  
Our charge, the lady Gwenydele.

Press up youth with thy charge, so pale,  
To yonder hamlet where the hale  
The ill relieve : be mine to find  
The Chieftainess to soothe her mind :  
This news, of lady Gwenydele,  
Will welcome be as when they tell  
Of Spanish gold-stored galleon tossed  
Upon our native Arran coast."

Their gladdened eyes the village mark ;—  
Yon glow-spot nigh the hillside dark :  
Hope-nerved the wrecked sea-troopers strode  
In rude procession o'er the road ;  
The shelter, warmth, and food they need  
Doth spur each languid foot to speed,  
Whilst arm of landmen, stout and strong,  
Doth link the feebler folk along,  
Who, wailing Fate's ill-favoured dealings,  
Areach the fisher's kindly sheelings,  
Where mercy gladly doles the hoard  
The best the sheeling's shelves afford :  
For when did hardship not secure  
The sympathy of poor for poor.

Aloft the flambeaus' guiding ray  
Points to bally Cathal's way ;  
Points to the chantry of the saint,<sup>21</sup>  
Saint Fintan hight, but now so faint  
His life-prints grown no Ollamh's song,  
Nor legend's ready leasing tongue  
Can tell of aught he spake or did,  
Nor where his sepulchre is hid ;

(Save if a seaman's rumour crave  
Some credence, he gave sure command  
The deepest depth should wrap his grave  
Three score of leagues from motherland.)

'Tis told his spirit ranges most  
Where ranges sail of Eire's coast,  
To succour, it by guardian prayer,  
From weather hap, and speed it fair.  
Spare limit from the cots aloof  
His chantry stood ; beneath its roof  
Like marble form that sculptors strike  
To symbol sleep, as tenseless like,  
The form of her he clasps, the youth  
Lays gently down, and leaves to ruth  
And care of one Saint Fintan's priest,  
A master in leechcraft at least.

" Priest of the leech," soft, Cathal said,  
" My life joy's gone if she be dead,  
If thou canst make the life re-reign  
Within her lovely form again,  
I owe a debt, untold, to thee  
Which life shall not acquit of me."

" Hie, home to Howth, to-morrow come  
I wat by then she be not dumb :  
Death's work with her need not be feared."

" Oh save her, save this maid unpeered !  
All others she outshines, so far  
In angel loveliness, as star  
Out-lustering all its bright compeers  
Which beauty lend the empyrean spheres.



Oh ! angel-aid thy skill may win,  
And leave me one their earth-born kin ! ”

The aged priest not priest alone,  
But dexterous leech of skill long known  
Upon that shore, and furtherwide  
His fame ran certain as its tide  
For charming back to hope and health,  
By soothing balm, and cordial's stealth,  
The body's vigour flush and fresh,  
From ghastly ill that spend the flesh :  
And aye his wiles most skilled effect  
The swollen sea-waif tempest wrecked ;  
Now plied he well his art, and yoking  
His power with unctuous prayer, invoking  
Nicholas Saint, and sailors' friend  
To bless his cordials, and extend  
Some meed of help and hale restore  
A maiden cast on Eadir's shore.  
“ Peace ” bade the priest as turmoil came  
From hurrying steps across the aisle,  
“ This hallowed roof might reverence claim,  
Nor heedless clash its calm defile ;  
Peace, here the soul is want to sue.”  
The clamour ceased, and soft advanced  
The Chieftainess, and Ulick Rhu.

Alternately, she keenly glanced  
From priest to maid enquiringly,  
Then smoothly spake in underkey :—  
“ Father,” how works thy potion's might  
In fanning back to mortal light

Yon flickering life?" And while she spake  
The priest gazed marvelling, ere he brake  
The silence, spelled to see a port  
So bluff, so strongly framed, like fort  
For build reared broad and high—"right well,"  
Quoth he, "by thrice anointed spell,  
This draught shall heat the heart's froze blood,  
And heal mishap by wold or flood ;  
Whilst spark of soul in body lives,  
Like oil to flame, this potion gives  
Fresh fire ; now in this maid behold  
Its occult energies unfold.

See ! quickening pulse, and lengthening breath  
Mark time to vanishing foot of Death.

Aye sovrán-sure must prove my draught  
For distillation's subtle craft,  
While Palmer in the Holy East,  
Was taught me by an Essene priest,<sup>22</sup>  
And well my physics' power doth thrive  
For nursing nature's lamp alive,  
For wist Saint Nessen's Isle yields roots,<sup>23</sup>  
And berries, fronds, and herbal shoots,  
That hold each sort in sap a cure  
Blessed by the Saint for healing sure :  
But prayer their blendings must anoint  
While Mercury holds his octile point.  
And triply blessed my compounds crude  
In Fintan's sacred fane I brewed :—  
Three Saints I homage in this fane,  
Saints Nicholas, Nessen, and Fintane."

He chuckled gleeful in his heart  
With pride of learning in his art ;  
For stubborn is success, and hard,  
To win by leech as 'tis by bard :  
Yet slippery doubts whiles moved his mind  
That Saints i' faith were small inclined  
To bless or ban, to cure or kill ;  
That drug sans saint will work its will.  
Anon he deemed that physics' share  
Lost half its power sans saintly prayer ;  
But how i' faith their virtues wend  
To nourish health, or tabid tend,  
There weeteth none to analyse  
Save the Physician, Christ Allwise.

Now certified he, Granuaile,  
'That morrow's noon should witness hale  
The maiden's ill, good news enow  
To clear a guardian's clouded brow,  
And respite claim from anxious grief.  
As hearts distracted hail relief  
When some o'erwhelming threat of Fate  
Heaven bars and blots it out of date,—  
Such heart relief her guise revealed  
For scant her breast the thought concealed  
By vigil lax of Gwentydele  
Misprison to the Queen befel.  
Yet life of Ward she lighter weighed  
Than royal confidence betrayed : <sup>24</sup>  
For trust, or guest bewrayed by Celt,  
Neath ward of oath or roof, is felt

An outrage on their habitude,  
Involving years of desperate feud.

Now she relieves her long desire  
Of Cathal Ogue to make inquire.  
“Priest, whither hath that stripling flown  
To whose foreplanning zeal, alone,  
Are meetly due our happy fate,  
And shelter here?—What of his state?  
And what his name?—for sure am I  
His proud-strung soul, and carriage high,  
Him prove no churl of heart of phlegm,  
But sapling of some noble stem?”

“That youth, madame,” the priest replied,  
“Though green in years, is peril-tried ;  
Of lofty lineage, ripe, in fame,—  
And Cathal Ogue, his present name,  
Is known from Castle Clare to Howth.  
With courtesy and courage both,  
And friendship staunch, and tongue of truth,  
Hath Nature dowered this favoured youth ;  
But, being of the novel Faith,  
Which scruples not to scare and scaith  
Our Priesthood, and our Roman Creed,  
With sword-right, as its votives plead,  
To worst the weak because the strong  
By privilege-plea can venture wrong—  
Of this Faith being, loath was he  
To lag in Romish Chapelrie.  
My friend, though friendless to my creed,  
This youth has served me oft at need ;

And, for his gracious gifts, the boy  
I love, and mine he doth employ,  
For hour on hour we two explore  
The lucid depths of classic lore.  
His mind, I see, already showing  
The spark of genius greatly glowing ;  
Star will he shine, amongst, ere long,  
The constellated lights of song."

"But learned leech, 'neath what excuse  
They tolerate thee? and make use  
Of thy far-gathered mystic lore?"

"The law, all flesh must bow before,—  
Necessity—First, licence win  
I, as the scion of Howth's kin ;  
Next, when of malady oppressed  
They have my leech-craft in request,  
That leech, at need, may be at call  
The priest hath sufferance of them all."

"The night wears late, and ere it close,  
My cares must hush them in repose ;  
Yet will I, ere I cradle Care  
To sleep, know how my clansfolk fare.  
Good-night, kind father, healthful rest,  
And grace be with thee, and thy guest,"  
Said Granuaile: she crossed her breast,  
And reverence at the shrine addressed,  
Then seized, from out a sconce, a torch,  
And passed beyond the chantrey's porch.

With Ulick, to the cots at hand  
That shelter give her shipwrecked band.

How welcome to the famished frame  
The wide-mouthed ingle's cheery flame,  
As nigh its ruddy cheek the crew  
In anchorage of friendship drew.  
Each told the self-experienced woes  
Aboard the ship each moment rose.

Some, senses storm-stunned, yet are dim  
Of memory, and numb of limb ;  
Their languid limbs they chafe till flow ;  
The streams of life with freshened glow ;  
The livid lips, and blanchen cheek,  
The eye lack-lustre, and the weak  
Uncertain, nerveless motions told  
How rough the match with Death, and bold,  
To these sea-braves, no unskilled strangers  
To raids of storm, and sea-chanced dangers :  
Others, unscathed, did feast to slay  
Their gnawing hunger, whiles they pray  
The goodliest boons—within the grant  
Of Heaven to give, those never want  
Who share with guest the house-store scant,  
Nor want intrude where good host lives,  
And Mercy so profusely gives.

Appeased their fast, their bosoms blessed,—  
Out-wearied nature craving rest,—  
On rushy couch with heather strewn,  
They, drowsy, sink them down, and soon  
Are lost to langour midst the themes  
That motley glide the stage of dreams.

Some lay as dead, in slumber deep,  
Recruiting health ; on some their sleep  
Lay light ; the sigh, start, scream,  
Tell still of storm and wreck they dream :  
Others, of sweetest joys of life,  
Of childhood, lover, friend, or wife,  
Dream,—and the joy of welcome home :  
Some dream their Connaught wilds they roam ;  
To track the deer they force the brake,  
To net the fish they sail the lake,  
The forest depths they beat for prey  
And bring the ravening wolf to bay,  
Or scale the Killeries giddiest crest <sup>25</sup>  
To foray from the eagle's nest  
The lamb, the fawn, or other food  
Provided for her fledging brood :—  
The golden eagle's daring prize,  
The creaght's\* poor cabin's need supplies.  
In confidential whispers low,—  
As dreading lest eavesdropping foe  
May lurk in earshot range, one speaks—  
And thinks to foster-frere he breaks—  
The cunning scheme his wit conceives,  
To reave a hated neighbour's beaves,  
Or fire his sheeling, or his sheaves.  
Another mimes, the wild-bird's cry,  
So true its fellow might reply,—  
The covert preconcerted sign  
For action in some dark design,

\* A poor cottager.

Or signal to a comrade's ear  
That peril threatens, or foe is near ;—  
And some shout, as in battle van,  
The warcry of their native Clan.

No dream-wrought images assail  
The trance-like sleep of Granuaile ;  
The cere-bound corse in silent tomb  
Scarce sounder sleeps ; nor fret nor fume,  
Of ocean ills, or fortune foul  
Beclouds her solid brow with scowl.  
Calm, as a ship becalmed, she lay,  
Which weathered tempests by the way :  
For danger-hardened spirits rest  
As infant on a mother's breast.  
The power to rest—reward of merit—  
In trial to the daring spirit  
Wise Nature gives, and she is wise  
Her nurse, boon Rest, new strength supplies  
For further deeds of enterprize.  
And once misfortune's freaks are o'er,  
Are things to vex the soul no more,  
Once past, those ills are double ill,  
Which fondling memory treasures still.



## CANTO THIRD.

## THE CASTLE.

The storm surceasing with the night  
Cried halt in front of morning light,  
Less furious, and less frequent still  
The blast assails Ben Eadir's hill,  
And wearied with the strife withdrew  
Ere chanticleer reveille crew.  
Now scarce a note of the midnight gale  
Chimes to the sea-swells' muffled wail ;  
While the throb of the tide on the shingling hums,  
Like the roll and the rub of receding drums.  
Like truce between exhausted foes,  
In peace the winds and waves repose.  
Slow lifting as a battle-smoke,  
The grey sea-mist in masses broke,  
And o'er Eblana's crescent bay,  
Like furling banners rolled away,  
Leaving the wide-spread prospect clear  
Where Mourne, or Wicklow's heights appear.\*

Unhooded of the storm-wreathed cloud,  
Unvested of the foam-weaved shroud,  
Unfettered by the wind-frayed spray,—  
    Flush from the sea-floor of the bay,  
    Ben Eadir's rocky off-shoots crowd.  
As the passion-spent lour of the atmosphere lifts,  
The beams of the Orient piercing the rifts,

Spread the flood-sheen of the sun's rising smile,  
O'er the Needles, the Staggs, and Saint Nessan's lone Isle,<sup>27</sup>  
Till the steep-bristling Needles, and frontleted Staggs  
Have lost in his smile the rough frown of their crags ;  
Through a film of sea-mist Lambay faintly gleams,  
Like a miniature mirage of Eadir it seems.  
To northward far distant the Mourne Mountains loom  
Purple-hued 'neath the frown of their cloud-shadowed  
gloom ;  
The peaks and their cloud banks, twin-likenessed, bemock  
The eye to discern which is cloud, which is rock.  
To southward, close-mustered, the Wicklow's wide range  
Bide steady to beauty though seasons may change,  
Their ruddy-hued heaths, their green-swarded fields,  
Still vary in brightness, or duskness, as yields,  
Or conquers the sun his cloud-challenged lights.  
As lances in rest stand the Silver-Spear's<sup>28</sup> heights,  
Upreared to the heavens, whose canopied blue  
Is fretted and dappled with every fair hue  
Of cloud-land, all scattered in tracings grotesque,  
Like the shattered remains of some vast arabesque.  
A rose-tinted halo of cloud oft bespreads,  
Like a garland of triumph, the Silver-Spears' heads  
Below them lies Shanganagh's wide-spreading vale<sup>29</sup>  
Whose nursing lap rears the best fruits of the Pale.

Due westward dark Elbana stood  
Enbosomed in a bower of wood ;  
Her site betrayed by wavering fumes  
Of grey-blue reek, whose mantling glooms  
With forest foliage allied  
Man's huddled habitation's hide.

But hold we here, let History tell—  
With detail's pen what deeds befel  
Within the sweep her walls surround,  
Where every rood is storied ground :  
'Tis only mine with Fancy's glance  
To view her mirrored in Romance.—

The storm, I said, with night gave way,  
And sun-smiles blest succeeding day ;  
The crew with pain, and grief oppressed,  
Sought cure in sympathy, and rest.

When twilight veiled the brow of day,  
And dimmed its lustrous orb with grey,  
The sounds of horsemen prancing by  
Were heard, in couple with the cry—  
“Good Welcome, Howth ! a welcome home !”  
For he from Dublin town had come.

When o'er the welkin's cloud-sea wold  
The full-round Lunar magnet rolled :  
The moon-glance, save, anon, a ray  
That pierced the cloud chinks, lit the way  
The Chieftainess, and other vassal,  
Were seen to march to Howth's new Castle.  
In hurt of heart, by stress constrained,  
She fares, to crave if entertained  
Her crew, till twice to-morrow's day,  
May be, before they take their way  
To great Saint Mary's monkless cloister,<sup>80</sup>  
Where galliard guests are wont to roister ;  
There loyal liegemen oft resort ;  
There oft Lord Sidney holds his court.

At Howth she halts ; for weighty cause  
Exacts a present resting pause,  
A cruel care her spirit goads  
For three good ships that left the Roads  
Of Milford, for the Irish coast ;  
A cruel care, lest they be lost—  
Mid-ocean, or, on foreign strand,—  
With Arran's veteran clansmen manned.  
She thinks, good sailorship, the twain  
May save unscaithed on open main ;  
The storm out-ridden, ride they home,  
Or lie they gulphed beneath the foam ;  
Till tidings of their speeding come  
She will not fare a city-ward,  
But bide the guest of Eadir's Lord.

Though pressed of need her pride is loth  
To sue a boon from Norman Howth ;  
Why shy to ask the courteous deed  
Of help, to strangers dire in need ?  
Yes, why a favour loath to sue ?  
From one, if fame depict him true,  
Is custos of no larder lean ;  
Whose viands dight a board unmean ;  
Whose house is open hostelry  
To guests of high, long-lined degree.  
“Down pride and diffidence ! I'll share,”  
Quoth she, “his noted welcome fare.  
Oh, humoured pride ! how often screens  
From self what littles and demeans.  
Besides, from folk of high degree—  
By rules of Court civility—

Be each soe'er to other strange—  
Is due a gracious interchange  
Of guest goodwill. *Noblisse oblige*,  
Of courtly hearts is lord and liege :—  
'Tis honouring to his house, for me,  
To seek his hospitality :—  
Me, of antique lineage sprung,  
A lineage old when Howth's was young."

"But yesteryear the Norman Lords,  
Came bare of all save lance and swords ;  
As yesterday, compared, they date  
With me in lineage, birth and state.  
High honour to his House for me  
To call for hospitality !  
By right of marriage rite, beside,  
I ask, as Anglo-Norman bride ;  
And to their Queen are pledged my vows  
Their cause in Ireland to espouse.  
Ha ! kith such favour finds with kin  
As worth, nor wit, will seldom win.  
How will he judge my new-pledged stand  
To Saxon interests in this land' ?  
Not true, I deem ; he like the Pale,  
Would extirpate the Clan-na-Gael ;  
Nor native chiefs, nor priestman's craft—  
Though urged by sword, and Papal shaft—  
Will he permit to hold debate  
Against the title of the State,  
To have and hold—as Conquest Lord—  
By sword-right, this, the Emerald sward."

None truer than Howth to the Tudoress clung—  
Aye ready of buffet, and rough of the tongue.  
With yeoman behind him, and foeman in front,  
First handsel he gave, or received first the brunt.  
The Church of the State was his temple. To him  
State sanction was more than Church Council's decreeing :  
Nor subtle-spun doubts, nor doctrinal whim  
His loyalty warped, nor fretted his being.  
To that was his own, he clung with the faith  
Of the dupe to his god through blessing and scaith :  
By tenure of might to hold land in ward,  
And surrender no right could be holden of sword,  
Was the faith of a Palesman ; and Howth was one good,  
And scant was his law for the *meere* \* Irish brood.  
His headland was wharf to the Sassanagh sail <sup>81</sup>  
When freighted with armies, to strengthen the Pale,  
Or sent for a hosting to conquer the Gael.

'Twas wassail-tide at the Castle-hall,  
Assembled were the household all,  
As due to merit or to state  
Each in the seat assigned him sate.

The evetide feast  
Had sharply begun,  
Puffed with the yeast  
Of hilarious fun ;  
Spiced with the zest  
Of laughter and jest :  
Erewhiles the guest

\* Pure.

Within the castle halls,  
Or the sheeling walls—  
Of the rude-speeched men  
Of the Tudor then.

Of yesternight's wreck the Castlefolk knew,  
And they talk, as they feast, of the ship and its crew ;  
And vary their guessings of whose be the bark ?—  
But guessing at truth is like searching in dark,  
Poor hope of a find without guide of a spark—  
'Tis rumoured, quoth some, they be here to surprise ;  
And Rumour showed here, in his harlequin guise,—  
His many-hued garment bespangled with lies.  
Some deemed the crew merchants, and others a gang  
Of wreck-ashore pirates, the Sheriff would hang ;  
Or, Peter of Down, sea-scummer and fear,  
Of the North, and East coasts, for many a year ;<sup>32</sup>  
A clean shaven coast, and loot is the load,  
When Peter the Scummer's ship rides in the Road.  
The Baron thought, silent, could those who are wrecked,  
The Pirate's crew be, I am warned to expect.  
Whose movements Lord Burleigh held high in suspicion ;  
Whom the Deputy's Council would wish to perdition.  
But sudden the silence that fell on the Hall ;  
For sounds from no guessing had audience of all ;  
For echoes within, from without knockings spake,  
And quick in successive raucosity bound :  
The knockings, and echoes which wave in their wake,  
As substance and shadow, had kinship in sound.

“Ho ! Halpin, ho ! hast thou no ear,  
What modest comer would be here ?

Speed to inquire, and backward speed  
With tidings of the comer's need."  
With Halpin gone, of Halpin then,  
Thus spoke the Baron to his men.

"A warder's eye should be eye of the hawk,  
And his ear, the ear of the roe ;  
Alert, too, of thought, and prying in talk,  
To mark who is friend, and who foe.  
For watch, and for ward, in castle and tent,  
The sleuth-hound must not be more eager to scent  
The approach of a welcomeless guest to his host,  
Than warder whose instincts are meet for the post—  
Of the ore of these qualities Halpin's old sire  
Was full, when the late Baron first made him warder ;  
But the ore was disdressed, by the wars in their fire,  
And the true metal merged from refinings' disorder.  
But, Halpin the son, whose somnolence of ears,  
And wide wondering eyes, whose fancies and fears,  
And legend-lore pate, of the reverie-bard—  
Unfit him for warder, but mark meet guard  
For the mouth of the hare-burrows piercing the sward."

The feasters loudly laughed  
At the Baron's witted shaft,  
Discharged at Halpin's warder-craft.

And Howth again  
Addressed his men.

"In teentime of training old Halp was my star,  
In pleasures of sport, and experience of war ;  
And I loved him as much as his child he had done ;  
Though absorbed was his being in love of his son.



While living he often, and dying he said,  
" My son make your warder, my Lord, in my stead ;"  
And sacred to me is old Halpin's last order,  
Or Halpin the son had never been warder.

How now, Sir Warder !  
What new wonder  
Thy nerves disorder,  
And has thee under  
Spell ? What ogre doth our gates invest,  
And gives thy breast  
Unmanly terror for a guest,  
And holds thy face so full of wist,  
And blank as blanchen moon in mist.  
Speak !"

" Yea, my Lord, a saint might well cower,  
And quake in nerve from his foot to his head,  
If he, as I, at the gate of the tower  
Espied such being as wakened my dread,  
And one, methought, of such girthage and height,  
Preserve us heaven !—could only have birth,  
In weird told tales, of a wild winter's night,  
Of giants of old which inhabited earth :  
Methought, its voice the battlements shook,  
And shuddered the walls to their basement athrill ;  
Such voice did Warden of Howth never brook,<sup>88</sup>  
Since Finn cast quoits from the Bailey to Kill."

" Cease, fool ! at some unwonted sight  
Thy fear-smitt pate is full in flight

Through realms of spectral wights, to seek  
The semblant-twin of the wight you speak :  
Know this reverberating thud,  
Springs from the spirit of flesh and blood ;  
And not from Death-dishumaned spright  
That swinks thee in a swither of fright,  
What is the gnome? and what its mission?  
And what, quoth it, to thine inquisition?"

"A womanlike being—and herd  
Of the wild Irishry,—she said,  
Something of Queen and Ward,  
And audience would of my Lord :  
No more stayed I, but hither sped  
According to thine order."

"Say, when you saw, and heard, you fled,  
A scared and nerveless Warder :—  
Living, that mortal lives not half  
Whose mind is lost in legend lore."  
Then ordered Howth, as the Jakkmen laugh,  
"Betake thee unhaspen the door :  
Hearest again those thunder-loud knocks,  
Like the thud of a tilting wreck on the rooks ;  
And standest thou there a fixture in fright,  
A statue whose courageless life is in flight ?

Go cap and bells assume,  
For thy helmet and thy plume ;  
And the wardstaff of thy rule,  
To Tip-staff turn of fool ;  
And motley garb go find,  
To match thy motley mind ;

And thy legend sayings yoke  
In the harness of a joke ;  
Convert thy warder's vesture  
To jester's speech and jesture ;  
Then thou wilt to full stature  
Truant play not to thy nature."

Said Halpin midst the feasters' mirth,  
"My Lord, no man of human birth  
Is meet to match a giant of earth ;  
Equip me with the Castle guard,  
And fear me not discharge my ward."

"Go you, de la Hoyde, and Eustace de Vorden,  
As guards of high honour to Halpin the warden.

This victim of vision,"

Said Howth, in derision,

"Finds courage in company like a true coward,  
Who more is by fears than by foes overpowered."  
Quoth he, as the guard and the warder retire,  
"Had Halpin the son been Halpin the sire—  
Who laughed at old legend and book—  
These comers were here, and known their desire,  
And their purposes read by a look ;  
But witless of wardcraft is Halpin the son,  
As the shell on the shore whose inmate is gone."

Then, thus, in mute soliloquy,

He conned who might these strangers be.

"Can these be from Milford of whom the report  
Were lodged me by courier special from Court,  
Whose three vessels here, do to harbour propose ;  
Whose freight are the friends of Elizabeth's foes.

These rebels, to every good Palesman's disgust,  
Received from the Queen a commission of trust,  
That Walshingham's daughter to Bingham be wed  
Under their guardianship ; but they instead—  
Long ere they left Court, made a covert intrigue,  
With Hugh the young hope of the Clan-na-Gael League,  
That she for political usance as bride,  
Should be to some sure rebel Chieftain allied.  
'Tis hinted, in masquerade fashion they may  
A theatre make of my Halls for their play.  
So read my instructions, and rede me to find  
By wit, rack, or wile, the intent of their mind.  
Their first scene, a wreck, is a play ill begun,  
And their masque may in tragedy end before done.  
Oh times out of hinge ! Oh traitors in favour !  
Has the salt of old service, at Court, lost its savour ?"  
Then aloud—"When Halpin returns be alert,  
Should blows follow words be your weapons expert."

As Howth had just resumed his chair,  
Scared Halpin with impatient air  
Rushed breathless in : his body shook  
As he had sudden ague took,  
And told that "de la Hoyde and Vorden  
Usurp the duties of your Warden ;  
I parley would, and they would none ;  
They bade me for a 'loon, begone !'  
That dwarf, or giant, few or many,  
'Despite you,' said Vorden, 'thou zany,'  
They entrance shall, and audience too  
Have of my Lord ; then I withdrew,

My Lord, and hither came to say."

"That fear again drove thee away ;  
Excuse no more ! Thou dolt be dumb,  
I see this train of travellers come."

With the curt nimble step of the Celt of the West,  
Confidingly inward, the travellers pressed,  
As comers whom Welcome stood waiting to greet,  
With viands, and wassail, and wit, and a seat,  
Now, the mien of reserve, of strangers they waive ;  
For the saying descended, since \* "Almeric the Brave,"  
That English Court-comers, from highest to least,  
Were welcome at Eadir as bard to a feast,  
As the flash of the lightning a moment illumes,  
And shows the scene aught than the gazer assumes ;  
As instant the glance of the Chieftainess round,  
Saw foeship where friendship she hoped to have found ;  
The wassail was plenty, the welcome was wanting,  
The port of the host was defiant and daunting ;  
And up stood the Jakkmen, in muster arrayed ;  
Each steady hand grasping the hilt of a blade :  
In anger-faced wonder the Islandmen viewed,  
Not a welcome to feast, but a warning of feud ;  
But a moment they viewed, and the next in alliance  
Of shoulder-touch, show they a front of defiance :  
And skeans shone sheathless, ranked ready for play,  
Like the fangs of a mastiff, unmuzzled, at bay.

"Give back my men—you kerne," cried Howth,  
"Scabbard your skeans, nor wreck your wroth  
In bloodshed rash, whilst I demand  
For what, and wherefore, strangers stand

\* The progenitor of the Lords of Howth.

Unbidden in my halls : come say,  
And by whose leave, or letting, pray,—  
Unheralded by writ, or post ;—  
Dare you the portal's bar invade  
Of Albion's watchtower on this coast ;  
Except it be for rapine raid."

Dark lowered the Jakkmen, as their Lord  
In indignation spoke ;  
And frequent murmurs of accord,  
In echoes from them broke,  
The Islandman, and Granuaile,  
With challenge-looks reviewed,  
The friendless attitude and hail,  
Their entrance had ensued.

Quoth she "Thy speeches wound as blow :  
Thou by experience aughtest know,  
The thunder-blasted rain-bilged sky,  
Shrill-noted wind ; and billows high,  
This headland storm,—are certain herald,  
Which post of many a ship imperilled.  
Midst storm one's thought is safety getting,  
Who then bethinks of leave, or letting,  
Of earthly lord, when Providence  
Is hope, is help, is helm, defence ?  
And by Whose willed arbitrement  
We dare invade where He hath sent.  
Who dares to let what God wills done ?  
When spite of man His Writ will run ;  
Of Him seek answer, I have none.

When, by His fiat cast ashore,  
 I sought reputed, open door,  
 And looked for hospitable board,  
 Which, cries Report, your Halls afford  
 To all whom Anglo interests love :—  
 By that inviting hailer beckoned,  
 For rest and food we hither hove,  
 Enforced by hope, by hunger bidden :  
 But, for a monent, had we reckoned  
 The hand of welcome host were hidden,  
 We were not here, but where that due  
 Is given my state, denied by you."

HOWTH.

My doors are wide when friends are near,  
 But doubly hasped when foes appear :  
 For those who come unvest of scheme,  
 And act in honour what they seem,  
 A stintless board is laid ; and pressing  
 Host, makes welcome yield a blessing ;  
 For such my Halls are hostel frank.  
 Thy high flown thoughts, of self and rank,  
 And bold attempt to claim the cheer  
 Of sumptuar-code established here ;  
 And pedestal on pedigree,—  
 As beggared as, it is, untrue—  
 A prior right in state to me,  
 Is Celtic arrogance in you.  
 Ill day she pirate, ocean's scourge,  
 That thou thy ship didst hither urge ;  
 For when did roving rogues from Connaught,  
 Not quest for booty, beaves, and bonnacht !

Deem not thy impious pretence—  
To charge on will of Providence  
Thy presence here, and present ills—  
Avails with me—There were two wills :—  
Thine,—a plot to here unwomb ;  
God's—Which wrecked on wreckers, doom :  
Thou hast thy will at Howth to stay,  
But not thy wish to make a prey ;  
So guides God's Will ill wills, not as men may.'

He ceased and then, designs to take,  
Another turn of speech to make  
Her talk the thinkings of her mind,  
Her keeping to his project blind ;  
And skilful so to sort his words  
To vibrate on the passion-chords ;  
As player would on instrument ;  
Its secret sounds force sans intent,  
And plays meet to the purpose meant :  
He, wary, hid his thoughts behind  
A careless air, while sought his mind ;  
To better search the motives hidden  
Which brought her to his Halls unbidden ;  
This plan, he thinks, a ruse may reach,  
And trims to jaunting mode his speech,  
And charge her with disguise and scheme  
And looking aught but what they seem ;  
There are, whose face mask schemes designed  
And look the obverse of their mind.

## HOWTH.

Do I behold a mummer maid,  
With mates, come here in masquerade,



Confederate partizans, whose feats,  
Of frolic used to mask deceits.  
No just resolve, no honest quest,  
Makes liegemen good—in juggling vest—  
Unquested, unannounced, and bold,  
As guests, invade a queensman's hold :  
Trite is the trick of covert guise  
To shroud an alien enterprise.  
Thy practise plead, and word it clear,  
The purpose of your presence here.

They fiercely glanced as warred their words,  
For looks can fence as keen as swords,  
And parry, thrust, and wound ;—and stood  
She cool as indignation would  
Allow : though prompted to defy  
In wrath, yet calm was her reply,  
Which gave his words the counter-foil :  
There are, who, lassoed in the coil  
Of false positions can by wit,  
And courage agile make exit :  
That power was hers from practised use,  
To slip the sure-thrown lasso's noose,  
And snare, howe'erso privy laid,  
In fight, debate, in rede or raid.

## GRANUAILE.

Lour not on me with eyes aflame,  
Nor say in secret guise we came,  
As spies are wont, with crafty aim ;  
Nor press your men their dagger's hilt,  
As if you strangers' blood wish spilt,  
And sacrilege these Halls with guilt.

Know thou, whom Eadir owns as lord,  
As seems by your commanding word,  
Obeyed so promptly of this band,  
My purpose here."

Howth waved his hand,  
His passion patience here outstripped,—  
"No specious accents smoothly lipped!"  
He said, "and I declare, in fine,  
Your smuggled secret must be mine;  
'Tis contrabrand, and confisate  
To loyal interests of the State;  
Confess you, or, my priest, the Jack,  
Shall shrive you cleanly on his rack;  
Devulge! devulge! in language clear,  
You stand on scanty sufferance here."

## GRANUAILE.

Scant be it then as you desire,  
And doubly scant as you require:  
Give audience, if unreasoning rage  
On patient hearing can await!  
No masqueraders here engage  
In sleights of knavery, nor the freight  
Of secret project having weight  
Of treason carry we, to wage  
Hostility against the State.  
Nor here, are we, of choice, but chance,  
Which uncontroullèd circumstance  
Of yesternight's wild weather's will,  
Did bring to pass. Why need I fill,

Your ears with plaints of my ill lot,  
From storm and wreck, since this rude spot  
Of jutting crags, and oaken woods,  
Engridled of tempestuous floods—  
Must oft have witnessed, horrent sights  
Of hopeless struggles, mortal frights—  
As dwarf my dangers into nought :  
Here we came, by hazard brought,  
To not unwomb some rebel scheme,  
As you, in your suspicions, dream.

## HOWTH.

Me, no suspicious dreams inform,  
False to thy pleas of wreck and storm,  
Seas shall be sailed without a boat  
When Celts cease launching schemes afloat.  
With budding policy, and hope  
Of youthful Hugh O'Neill,—to elope—  
With Erin to the Court of Spain—  
Thou art in hand, in heart, and brain.  
As earnest of thy troth, and part  
In this dark covenant, thou art  
To wed this maid to Celtic thief,  
As yet untanisted\* as Chief,  
And hold on Walshingham's affection,  
His child, as hostage for protection,  
Of future policies and life,  
In council, or in open strife.  
She shall not be a Chieftain's wife ;

\* Not enthroned by Celtic ceremony. The heir to the chieftainship of a Clan was called the Tanist, and was made Chief by tanistry.

The wreck frustrated that design ;  
And yours to raid this hold of mine :—  
But, ere thy lawless crew could grip,  
And loot my property, thy ship,  
And men, the storm-grip caught in hands,  
And dashed them helpless on these sands.

As when 'mid storm a moment's pause  
Of silent stay, the listener awes,  
Who, like pause waits, with breathing stilled,  
Till the dumb space, again, be filled  
With new-formed force, for new tirade ;  
So silent pause some moments stayed,—  
'Tween Howth and Granuaile, unbroken—  
The accusation-strife bespoken.  
And, for the nonce of silence, each  
The other eyed ; and plainest speech,  
More meaning never gave to thought,  
Than mind to mind their glances brought ;  
The strife, again, in looks was fought.

Now, entered Cathal grieved to see,  
A scene in act of tragedy ;  
Looked Howth,—like tempest-passion spent ;  
Looked Granuaile,—like storm-clouds rent :—  
In challenge, Kerne and Jakkman stood,  
To follow words by blows and blood.  
The Chieftainess kept cool, I said,  
Which is a power by practice bred  
In turmoil times, and moments dire :—  
Those whom the power, by use, acquire  
To curb their rebel wills, and ire—

Will master in the strife at stake :  
For power of self o'er self doth make  
Their strength in fending off mistake,

Though strife of words no more is heard,  
A silent strife 'twixt love and hate  
Within her breast held hot debate ;  
These rival passions whiles deferred  
The Chieftainess from speech irate,  
And kept her mightless while they strove.  
(To Howth her hate, for Cathal love)  
Though haught her mien, and calm her look,  
Yet nerve and sinew freely shook  
From wrath suppressed. How hard the strain  
Upon imprisoned will ! What pain,  
To leave unvenged insulted ears,  
And bide, as unconcerned, the jeers  
Of undeserving scorn, and scowl,  
And words, and looks, as false as foul.

#### HOWTH.

Thrice welcome Cathal ! welcome here !—  
We grieved thine absence from our cheer ;  
Thrice welcome ! for our board lacks pleasance  
When absence hence demands thy presence,  
And vacant Silence holds the place,  
Thy form and wit are wont to grace.  
Full count we heard, of brunts and dangers  
O'ermatched by thee, to save these strangers'  
Ship awreck, on yester's eve.  
Some frieghts are better safe, believe  
Me, neath the wave than run ashore :—

And, save Report, to his echo lies!—  
That wreck disgorged no salvage prize,  
Nor honest merchant of the seas,  
But, freight of ocean rapparees.  
And, here we hold them in demurrage,  
As salvage rescued by thy courage.—  
Sage Cathal!—by thy looks, I see,  
My unglossed speech, has thee irate,  
As if thou wouldst advance a plea,  
For rebel Celts cast here by Fate.

## CATHAL.

My Lord, their favour I bespeak,  
The yesternight's wild weather's freak—  
The wreck, the rescue, hope, despair,—  
To here recount them, I forbear.  
My Lord of Howth, I hold no thought  
In partnership with thine, of aught  
Unhatched design, couched in the shell  
Of secret pact, between the fell  
Meere Irish foe, and this small crew  
Of helpless strangers, weak and few,  
Who, yesternight, o'erwhelm escaped.

## HOWTH.

They plead, their course Heaven hither shaped;  
I reckon, to have the wreck applied,  
The vengeance that of storm denied.  
No wish has Celt to Howthward steer;  
A Palesman's hold is ground they fear,  
These, like their ships,—whose helm was riven—  
Were helpless here by billows driven:—

To ruin both have run their course  
Against their will, and by the force  
Of Heaven's directing hand.

CATHAL.

My Lord !

In nought, these strangers,—act, or word,  
Show your suspicions hold in truth.

HOWTH.

Oh, sentiment of trusting youth !—  
Oh Cathal ! when thy years have grown  
Full sage as mine, then, wilt thou own,  
Age keeps the heart from trust aloof :  
Suspicion must be held in proof,  
When acting in the State's behoof.

CATHAL.

Fit game for mere suspicions' sport  
Are subjects graced, by Crown and Court,  
With High Commission ?

GRANUAILE.

Noble youth !—

To me but known by deeds of truth ;—  
Plead me no more ! nor does it skill  
To answer make, nor beg goodwill  
Askance of one whose will is warped,  
And purpose in one thought absorbed,  
That my chance presence here forbodes  
Some looming trouble in these Roads :  
Not all his flouts, howe'er unjust,  
Will force me desecrate the trust  
The Queen reposed in me.

HOWTH.

"Oh craft!"—

And raucously the baron laughed.—  
"Of trust sounds light thy yester-token,  
Gainst centuries of trust unbroken <sup>34</sup>  
Proved to the Crown, in bond and blood,  
By all my House in field and flood :  
In virtue of that Right of Trust,  
And by mandated writ, I must  
Arrest thee ; that is my command.  
Thine intervention Cathal saves  
Shriving by the rack these knaves—  
Ho ! Halpin ! sound for Castle Guard,  
The Muster-bell to hold in ward  
These ocean-worsted rapparees.—  
For sake of Cathal, and his pleas  
Both housed and fooded they shall be,  
As fits our hospitality ;  
But, not beneath this roof of mine  
Shall noted rebels sleep or dine ;  
Our Abbey's hostel be their jail  
As prisoners sans parole or bail,  
Until I gather and escort  
Them under guard to Sidney's Court :  
And lodge and feast these rebels free  
Shall Dublin Castle's hostlry."

GRANUAILE.

So from the bud Suspicion, blows  
To bloom, this insult to the Rose  
Of England, in my personage  
And mission here ; for this outrage



And wilful blighting, too, with scorn,  
Its throned authority, the thorn  
Thou of its rooted power shall feel.  
Did cords of truce not bind our steel  
Its 'venging edge ;—were we not spent,  
Plied dexterously by mettled thew,  
Would here forestall thy punishment,  
As fruitage of this insult due.

HOWTH.

Why, Halpin, standst thou, there, agape,  
And not afoot, imparting shape,  
And prompt acquittance to my order ?

HALPIN.

'Tis done, my Lord ; and, like good warder :  
I guard, forethought would be desired,  
And sent a secret muster-call  
To gather here : now when required  
Command—they stand without the hall,  
With De la Hoyde and Vorden ready.

HOWTH.

Ha ! like thy sire, as prompt and steady !  
Here showed the father in the son  
Fain would I hold, but, that I know,  
Thy timid being loves to shun  
The challenged word and battle blow ;  
Credit thy fears for promptitude,  
And not thy father's spirit, shrewd,  
Fears forethink where dangers loom,  
To circumvent impending doom !

Said Cathal to the Chieftainess,  
"Accept in peace, the friendless press  
Of present circumstance : meanwhile,  
Betake thee to the Abbey's aisle,  
There nurse, till sense of weakness wanes  
By rest, and health revigour gains ;  
And trust thy cause to Time, for he  
Holds standing brief 'gainst falsity  
Of error in intrigue or act ;  
But best of pleaders, he, of fact.  
And lease, the meanwhile, out to truce :  
Till, to and fro, inquiry 'twixt  
The Deputy and Crown, adduce  
The truth Suspicion here unfixed.  
As lovers' quarrels, so with friends,  
Affection doubles with amends."

## GRANUAILE

Aversely, to this mediate press,  
And thy advice I acquiesce.  
To me amends for insults due  
Revenge is, which shall soon ensue.

## HOWTH.

Guards in ! Our courage thy vain threats shall fright,  
When shadows rise, and with their substance fight.  
As fits her rank, dame Gwenydele,  
With me an honoured guest shall dwell,  
Her lodgment here, secure from Leagues,  
Shall give the trip to Celt intrigues.

The Celts dismissed, the mirth increased  
With jest for verbal joust and feast.

## CANTO FOURTH.

## THE PLOT.

At dawn astir with the waking flowers—  
Though the feast invaded the morning hours,—  
Were Howth's equipped retainers drawn  
In marshalled ranks along the lawn,  
For guard and outpost duty ready  
No head unclear, no hand unsteady !  
To vantage points they march them soon ;  
The Castle holds a tried platoon ;  
A turm migrates to Nessan's Isle,  
To warn the posts of seaward wile ;  
A section holds the Celts in ward ;  
And troops patrol the isthmus sward ; .  
Some sentinel the headlong coast ;  
To Dublin, to and fro, some post,  
Precaution's eye, in vigil bent,  
Is stern to stay, or circumvent,  
Manœuvre, or design to shape  
A covert scheme to shield escape.

While Care creates devices sure  
To lock the Celts in hold secure ;  
Young Cathal had the Castle flown  
To seek creations all his own.  
Deep, in the depths of solitude,  
Down in the Magians' oaken wood ;  
Where Druid oaks form crypted cell,  
And hermit Silence loves to dwell.

In the crypted cell on the altar stone,  
 Sat Cathal, museful and alone ;  
 And wrapped in self as in the grove ;  
 His heart that halocaust to love,  
 His mind that sacrifice to lore ;  
 Which bards in mystic moods explore.

How darksome the world-gist to psychistic ken,  
 Were it not for the God-lighted sparklet in men,  
 The empire of selfdom revealing to mind,  
 And mapping its sphere for the lore of mankind :  
 This God-spark within proves the universe Ideal,  
 More actual Fact than the Cosmos called Real ;  
 This search-light of consciousness Heaven shall illumine,  
 When the search-lights of Systems are dungeoned in  
 Doom.

'Twas Cathal's wont, and often mood,  
 To muse in secret solitude,  
 To quit the active outworld din,  
 For the social haunts of the realm within ;  
 One's own domain—ethereal clime—  
 Where Self enthroned sits king sublime,  
 By right Divine to Real estate,  
 For the man eterne, of Christ create.  
 Blest man eterne, for good 'gainst ill,  
 Who, sways the sceptre of the Will !  
 Come lag not Muse !—enticed to stay,  
 'Mongst moral flowerets by the way :  
 In poets, much, it is not wise,  
 Discursively, to moralize :

Come ply that magic wand of thine,  
And Cathal's secret soul divine :  
Thy wizard, fledgling, pen can show  
His being lit with love aglow.  
His inworld soul to outworld tell ;  
His song of love to Gwentydele.

## CATHAL'S SONG TO GWENTYDELE

## I.

My being's queen ! to one so fair—  
In the soul of things, can aught compare ?  
Can Nature emblemate to mind,  
The charms in Gwentydele combined ?  
Dame Nature caused her Art excel,  
In forming beauteous Gwentydele.

## II.

In violets lustrous with the dew,  
Behold my lover's eyes of blue ;  
Though rich the violet's glance, her eyes,  
Its love-look, lustrous blue outvies ;  
The violet's glance our pleasures move  
But Gwentydele's inspires to love.

## III.

Her cheeks are snow, enflecked and spread  
With cherry, not the rose's red ;  
But rose or cherry's purest flushes  
Her cheeks out-crimson when she blushes ;  
The flowers doth move the heart's emotion,  
But Gwentydele the soul's devotion.

## IV.

A marble forehead, smooth and round,  
And high, with clustering tresses crowned  
They, down a graceful neck unfold,  
In ringlets sembling burnished gold :  
The gold may yield a transient pleasure ;  
But Gwenydele is life-long treasure,

## V.

Her lips in lines of beauty flow ;  
Their contour rivals Cupid's bow ;  
And from those lips her wit-words dart,  
To smite with ecstasy the heart :  
Sly Cupid's darts at times have missed  
But Gwenydele's can none resist

## VI.

In all her various motions trace  
The model moves of perfect grace ;  
See purest angels glide in air,  
To such her lithesome mien compare ;  
Since angels cannot lovers be,  
Then Gwenydele is more to me.

## VII.

Her eyelids' arch, long lashes fringe,  
Her chin has cherubs' roseate tinge,  
With love these beauteous traits are met,  
All in a face of oval set.  
I now behold, in form and feature,  
How Gwenydele outrivals Nature.

As died the amorous strain, broke through  
 The tangled brushwood, Ulick Rhu,  
 Till in the cell he stood forenent  
 Unconscious Cathal deeply pent  
 In muse, as one in dream who sleeps.  
 Fleet off the altarstone he leaps,  
 And stands with sword unsheathed as fleet ;  
 Surprised that mortal this retreat—  
 Of weird, unhallowed, Druid shade—  
 Unsought, untrespased, should invade ;  
 Nor holden be by rein of fear  
 Which checks all flesh from entrance here.  
 The hawk-eyed Ulick saw surprise,  
 And fire aflash through Cathal's eyes ;  
 In trembling lip, and crimsoned face :  
 High indignation he could trace,  
 With shy abashment,—inward hurt :—  
*High indignation* that by curt,  
 Unbid, intrusion one should deem  
 To disenchant a lovesome dream,  
 Lived in the conscious world within :  
 And *shy* that others should be twin  
 And privy to his private love :  
 And *hurt*, that stranger foot should rove  
 Unheard, and stand intent of ear,  
 His being's central thought to hear.

## CATHAL.

Ha ! Ulick thou, what mission pray  
 Has urged thee this unbidden way ?  
 The curious ear and peering eye  
 In ambush, tell of stalking spy

In hunt for secrets, tracking men,  
As stalkers track the deer to den.  
And true, methinks, the Lord of Howth  
Of intrigue told, which roused his wroth  
Against thy comrade's anxious claim,  
To share his board—or wherefore came  
You here? What wouldst of me?

ULICK RHU.

A word ;  
But not of strife :—resheath thy sword—  
That ready tool of hasty wills—  
A word of her thy being thrills.  
Think not I came as stalking spy,  
To hear a love-sick stripling sigh ;  
Pshaw ! sighs heave behind each hedge,  
At evendown when lovers pledge ;—  
With lovers 'tis the common thing,  
To rival rhymsters' ballading—  
Unconscious sigh their rapture-glow,  
As you did yours to windward blow :  
No occult song to open ear  
Was yours, all save the dead could hear  
You sing aloud ; you seemed unheeding.  
Who might hear thine earnest pleading,  
That the charms of Gwenydele,  
All Nature's primest parts excel.

CATHAL.

Aloud ? methought, my song was said  
In soft soliloquy.



## GRANUAILE :

ULICK RHU.

No doubt !

A heart in love makes heedless head !  
 Love lodged within, its signs will out !—  
 A man in love's fine fever caught  
 Is by it's frenzy, part distraught ;  
 Asteeep, once, in its melting mood,  
 To pulp he goes while woman's wooed,  
 She being won, and wed !

CATHAL.

What then ?

ULICK RHU.

That question quest of wedded men.  
 Past honeymoon, who knows how fond,  
 Or, hateful, Hymen's twins keep bond.  
 To me ill fate has seared the zest  
 For woman's love within my breast :  
 Since penal laws have forced me roam,  
 My native land, without a home,  
 The wacery wild, no other note,  
 Finds ready passport through my throat ;  
 With me the notes of lover's song  
 Would turn to groans for public wrong.—  
 Love-passion fled from soul to steel ;  
 Revenge is now the love I feel.

CATHAL.

How sourly savours theme so sweet  
 As love, to one whose taste and treat  
 Of life, scarce scores to thrice ten years !

ULICK RHU.

All life to youth is redolence ;—  
 It breathes in perfumed atmospheres,—  
 In exhalations partly sense,  
 Part sentiment. Fool Youth will rove  
 Where nought, save aught reminds of love ;  
 The year 'twould have a twelvemonth-May,  
 And life perpetual holiday :  
 This lulling time of dream is thine,  
 The action-hour of manhood mine ;  
 My pleasance ground, the heather moor ;—  
 My bower, the cave from hunt secure :  
 I live not life in love, but hate.—  
 But hold !—not here for love-debate  
 Am I——To men in Cupid's mesh,  
 This subject is undying fresh ;  
 They never bate its mete an ell  
 Till new ambitions cool its spell.  
 Anow you broached the word intrigue ;—  
 There is none such, no latent league  
 Beneath our course, like hidden reef :  
 Nor plot, in knowledge nor belief  
 Of me, exists to overwhelm  
 The Lion march of England's realm ;—  
 But plot, with Leicester at the helm,  
 There is : it speeds with subtle stress  
 To countercheck the Lioness,'  
 Desire to wed to Connaught's Lord  
 Your Gwentydele.

CATHAL.

Thy tale astounds !—  
 Lacks likely look, on many grounds ;

Thy words vibrate me, as the shock  
 Vibrates a ship when sunken rock  
 She strikes, and shakes her bow to beam,  
 While those enhammocked, fearless dream.—  
 What evidence ensures thy tale?  
 How hence this fortress of The Pale,—  
 Whose native strength could hosts obstruct,—  
 Could Leicester, Gwenydele abduct?

ULICK RHU.

Fair question shall fair answer find!—  
 I, ere I London left behind,  
 Enambushed, heard some plotters plan  
 To overtake us; and trepan!  
 Said they, 'the lady when the Teagues  
 Are on the Milford Road, some leagues;  
 We, Leicester's staggers, on their way,  
 Disguised shall bring, and for the Play  
 Their booth: the trusting Teagues when come,  
 Shout out,—'The Play, sound fife and drum!'  
 Then with enticing speech begin,  
 And friendly hail, to woo them in:  
 For sirs, your haughty Celt is caught  
 By kindly greeting more than aught;  
 In mock obeisance bow him low  
 And he succumbs your slave: a show  
 Of high respect will undercraft  
 His cunning wit!' And here they laughed.—  
 'He claims—and to the fiction clings,—  
 Descent from mighty mystic kings:  
 Their doubts with any promise sooth.  
 But once entrapped within our booth,

Them seize, and bind, snatch Gwenydele  
And off a-horse. Oh, Teagues, farewell!"

## CATHAL.

"Twere well thine ambushade was safe ;  
And thou didst not explode in chafe  
For feelings hurt ; for such the salve  
Is patience : hadst thou burst the valve  
Of forced concealment, flesh-slit wounds  
Had followed wounding words ; the hounds,—  
Those dogs—of Leicester's kennel bred,—  
Had chased thee, flayed thee heel to head.

## ULICK RHU.

Oh ! felt I not ? ay, like the rage  
Of tiger newly mewed in cage ;  
I felt, as feel the devils must  
When baulked the grasp of souls they lust ;  
I glutton-crave for vengeance felt,  
While,—cooped in hiding—they the Celt  
Coarse limned in mock heroic scenes ;  
Had then been mine destructive means ;  
We wrestle had for life, or doom.  
Oh ! feels one like cered corse in tomb  
When tied by impotence to act.  
Bold heart, thought I, success ne'er lacked !  
Resolved, I then, these knaves to speak  
And as a lurching drunkard seek  
Their company,—I fained the sot  
To know their know, and scout their plot.

CATHAL.

No more of this ! I cannot deem  
 My kinsman guilty of such scheme :  
 What purpose serves it to relate  
 This tale to me ?

ULICK RHU.

On hearing wait !  
 Nor sneer ! thou art not wont to haste,  
 Nor thy good sense in temper waste :—  
 Said not I, fair question shall fair  
 Answer find ? and that I say, I square !  
 The purpose of this tale doth touch  
 Your interest ; and my will for much  
 Revenge ; for Gratitude ; for Faith :—  
*Revenge*, for Leicester's scheme to scaith  
 Our pledge to convoy safe our charge :—  
 And *gratitude*,—for thy good sword  
 Protecting one when on the marge  
 Of death, he lay, by lances gored,  
 Upon the Moors of Leix : he lives  
 To Leicester foil, and safely gives—  
 As meet return, for guerdon due,—  
 You Gwenydele, who sighs for you :  
 And *faith* to Queen, that man, nor ruse  
 Shall breach a pact, in times of truce.

CATHAL.

I recollect my sword, 'twas said,  
 Of Rory Ogue had saved the head,  
 That such a traitor should be saved,  
 How swore my men,—and cried, oh, ruth !

## ULICK RHU.

But, when was Rumour well behaved ?  
 And who trusts Hearsay's voice for truth ?  
 But, hark ye to my ruse ; fair youth !  
 In high hilarious song, with pace  
 Uncertain, rolled I, to the place  
 Where sat the plotters, 'neath a tree,  
 Fornent the Mermaid Inn ; and free  
 I flounced me in their midst, and offered  
 Around to quit the score, if proffered  
 Repayment in good comradeship.  
 They stared, I sang with hawk, and hip ;  
 They eyed me, scrutingly, in craft ;  
 Their doubts once eased to trust, they laughed,  
 And cried, 'Yea ! Yea ! make way ; make way !  
 A welcome, merry wight, as May !  
 Who warbles cheerily as its bird.'  
 One whispered other, whom I heard,  
 'What whiff of luck, for our intrigue.  
 Blew here this ballad-bleating Teague ?''

## ULICK RHU'S SONG.

Come, quaff with me deep of the wassailing bowl,  
 'Tis solace in grief for the sociable soul !  
 'Tis multiplied joy to the gay devotee  
 Of a stoop, and a song, and good companie.  
     Good fellowship quaff you sincerely to me,  
     And a stoop will I drain in a *slanthe* to thee.  
 Come quaff you, and sing you, while Time it is ours ;  
 Mirth plants in the garden of Time her sweet flowers ;  
 In saunters of pleasure them cull as you stray,  
 Ere eve-time of life ousts the season of play.

A *slanthe*, erse for a good health.

A healthsome bowl empty atween thee and me,  
 For the bowl doth the soul beget funny and free ;  
 Can you match in existence these honoured things three,  
 A stoop, and a song, and good companie ?  
     Sincerely you quaff in a *slanthe* to me  
     And a stoop will I drain in good wishes to thee.

The pranksters laughed, and when I laughed  
 My laugh they chorused, quaffed when I quaffed ;  
 In smooth-couched words, with fawning phrase  
 My song encored, with honied praise  
 To wean my caution, force me say  
 My knowledge of our homeward way.  
 Their breathing friendship, like a fan  
 Of flattery, winnowed not the bran  
 From off the core of my resolve  
 To keep dischaffed ; and to evolve  
 Them in a plot to counter-trap  
 Their booth-set snare. To slip mishap  
 We started sooner than intended  
 On other roads than guides commended.

## CATHAL.

You had a venture, and if true,  
 It ended well for all, and you :  
 You all escaped in divers ways ;  
 You,——by out-feating Leicester's plays,—  
 Escaped the censure of the Queen ;  
 And Granuaile her certain spleen ;  
 And Leicester's hounds escaped a treason,  
 Which, to impeachment, in due season,

Had put their Lord : your 'scape gave checks  
To heads escaping from their necks ;  
Escaped, the loss, has Connaught's Lord  
Of dowered Ward, as his reward.  
And Gwenydele escaped the thrall  
Of Leicester's net. Escaped, you all,  
Except myself, who cannot 'scape  
Love's mesh of subtle-woven tape.

ULICK RHU.

Escape of Gwenydele, say not !  
The chase to capture her is hot,  
For Leicester's hounds are here, I vow,  
And kennel in the Castle now.

CATHAL.

You start my wonder ! Leicester's men,  
In Howth, and, that, without my ken !  
What fools would follow up a sport,  
Who following, their own capture court ?  
The soul, I know,—ambition stirs ;—  
Defeat to greater effort spurs.  
Their quarry is too far afield  
Of England, easily to yield  
To capture now.

ULICK RHU.

Hah ! here they be  
For that intent. What did I see,  
While straying through the Castle bound ?  
My mates of 'Mermaid' comradeship,  
Disporting in the pleasance ground ;  
I through the Abbey guard did slip



To seek the Heirling's nurse, of yore,  
A daughter of the Clan O'More ;  
Whose son is foster to Howth's Heir.  
I sought her o'er my own affair,  
Not that of Gwentydele : and, then,  
I asked, why hither Leicester's men ?  
She knew me one whose quest once made,  
Must answered be without evade.  
She said : ' With pomp of delegate  
Authority, and in mock state,  
Lord Leicester's liveried henchmen came ;  
Demanding in the Monarch's name  
An instant audience of Lord Howth.  
They him persuade, by writ, and oath,  
That with O'Neill, in secret league,  
Is Granuaile, in deep intrigue,  
To bond the Celtic Septs and sweep  
This land of every Saxon keep ;  
And steal the Ward to wed some Chief ;'  
These plotter's lie, they would be thief  
Of Gwentydele, while seeming friend.

## CATHAL.

Their practice, clear, I apprehend,  
And we to view must pose their plot.  
But, hark ! who sings ? Song hear you not ?

## SONG.

Lovely maid of Devon side ;  
Rosebud of thy native land,  
Thou shalt be a soldier's bride  
Young and deft in use of brand.

Ease thy bosom of its smart,  
Monarchs subjects are of Fate !  
Though their sceptres wield a State,  
Sway they cannot lover's heart.

Mating thee with hero old,  
Feeble as thy father's sire,  
Dull through age, of liking cold,  
Is to will a vain desire,  
Fear thee not, sweet Devon maid,  
Fate thy wedding robe hath spun ;  
And within the mouth unrun,  
Bridal tide for thee is made.

Hark ! hark ! he changes tune again,  
To warble in another strain.

## SONG.

Art thou in the Druid's glen ?  
So shunned of men :  
Art thou in the braken brake ?  
For hunting sake.  
Where'er thou art, a lady fair  
Thy side would share ;  
For fairer lady valiant knight  
Ne'er stood in fight."

Tis Halpin's voice he knows my haunt  
And will not here ; he fears the gaunt,  
Unbodied, Druids said to roam  
The oaks, who make this dell their home.  
Escort him here, for some import  
He comes, but not for love, or sport !

SONG (*Continued*).

Art thou courting Fancy's Queen ?  
 In world unseen :  
 Disporting in the realm of Self ?  
 With earthless elf ;  
 Where'er thou art an angel bright  
 Doth seek her knight ;  
 And such a dame as doting eyes  
 Did ne'er apprise.

## ULICK RHU.

Sir, here come beauty, and a jester,  
 Newsful, both of plotting Leicester.

## HALPIN.

Miss, Beauty you may call this dame,  
 To name me jester is misname,  
 Hereditary warder here  
 Am I.

## ULICK RHU.

At name of jester leer ?  
 Dame Nature wears the motley vests,  
 And oft with Expectation jests ;  
 She tiresome sameness ridicules ;  
 Presenting fathers, wise, with fools  
 For sons, and, *vice versa*, too,  
 Why should she me, exempt, or you,  
 From sportive jests she plays on all ?  
 True warder fears no danger-call.  
 You fear to face the fleshless sprite  
 Which here like sentry walks the night ;  
 You sing for help, ere here you venture.

CATHAL.

But, come, we may not Halpin censure :  
Right welcome he who beauty brings,  
Though starts him unsubstantial things.

HALPIN.

My sirs, e'en he who courage vaunts  
Likes company in ghosted haunts ;  
For sake of Gwenydele a halt  
I made for safety : was it fault ?  
And sang for thy and beauty's pleasance  
To scout thee out, and tell our presence.

ULICK RHU.

And forth I fared in quick response,  
To steer thee safely, as thy sconce :  
Now, since alongside moored, unfreight  
The close-hatched, scheme,—the charge of weight,—  
The Leicester men have bribed thee carry  
Like a smuggling scummer.

HALPIN.

Marry !

Then shalt thou hear.

CATHAL.

Halpin arrest

Thy speech a space while I our guest.  
Address aside.

My Gwenydele !

Oh ! could my focussed feelings tell,  
My anguished, agony of soul,—  
When told thy fate and final goal,—  
Then lover's pain thou wouldst own  
The most excruciating known.

Oh, praise, for Providential let  
Of man, and storm-wrought ills upset !  
It seemed as elemental ire  
With man's devices would conspire  
To wreck thy life and innocence.—  
Of beauty 'tis the consequence  
To tempted be, by lure or bait  
For ruin set ; but seldom Fate  
For one too finely formed, for trouble,  
Decrees misfortune in the double,  
First, thou wert banished Court, where bred ;  
Next, whom thou lovest not must wed ;  
Scarce rid of Leicester's maze you be,  
When Death's wide maw nigh swallowed thee  
Beneath the wave ; and now in chase,  
Hounds dog thee here.

. . . . . Face glowed to face,  
In love's sweet light ; as Cathal spoke,  
Both, from the love-look trance awoke ;  
And, each to other, seemed impelled,—  
By sheer magnetic instinct spelled,—  
To close embrace of breast to breast ;  
They, lips to lips in kisses pressed,  
Anew their old affection seal,  
Which policy had sought the weal,  
For State designs, to break in vain.  
With look that indexed slight disdain,—  
Complacent, callous,—Ulick viewed,  
Their scene of soft impassioned mood,  
Nor did, by word or sign, impeach  
Their tender treason, though a breach

It slived in his Court-plighted oath,—  
He acted blinkard, being loth,—  
To unprotest their repledged troth.

But, Halpin, young, was touched at sight  
Of sorrow-severed hearts' replight ;  
And swelling with emotion tries  
To check the tears that flood his eyes.  
His plaint, in tremulously broken,  
Hesitating speech, was spoken.  
"How Providence can counteract,  
The throne, or throng, its laws would fract ;  
What man doth shatter God amends ;  
He, ill beginnings, blissful ends."

## HALPIN.

Sir Cathal, here this lady would  
And would not have her would withstood.

## GWENYDELE.

A worry-worn, woe beladen,  
Thwarted, helpless, hapless, maiden,  
Have I been, since last we severed :—  
Sovereign, suitors, seas, endeavoured,  
All, in forms, as diverse devious,—  
As invention could make grievous,—  
To unhappy render my days.  
Wafting waif upon life's highways  
Felt I, since in thy protection  
Nestled last, my heart's affection.  
Loving looks, if all men's liking  
Wins me ; would some illness striking

My fair face, but leave it comely,  
More than average maiden's homely,  
Peace were mine from unwished wooers,  
And designing mischief doers.

## CATHAL.

But how of me? 'twould strike me ill,  
If sickness smote, to mar or kill,  
My beautiful love : for sake of thee  
I wish thee all that angels be.

## GWENYDELE.

For only thee, I wish me charming,  
Ten times more than man's believing ;  
For thee, too, may no ill harming,  
Me give pangs to thee, or grieving.  
In thy presence no alarming  
Mischiefs made, nor maiden reaving  
Can affright me ; nor disarming  
Pleas of men for my deceiving,  
Can outwit thy vigil nature,  
Oh happy I ! Oh, happy creature !

## CATHAL.

My charmer, converse, more anon  
Shall we, when these, our friends are gone ;  
For longer here they must not dure  
If Leicester's men they would secure,  
Come, Halpin thou wouldst say their say  
To us.

## HALPIN.

Yes ! yes ! but not obey,  
Their needs : they would, to steal this maid,  
That I the truant-warder played.  
In privy conclave, they proposed,  
Backed with bribe, the Keep unclosed,  
I leave at Curfew Bell : and ope—  
While they with Gwentydele elope,—  
The postern near Balscadden creek ;  
And there to ship. To me they speak  
As aidecamps from England's Court ;  
With high State mission of import.

## ULICK RHU.

They lie ! the double-visaged loons ;  
But sennight, since, my bottle-boons.  
And chums they were, my secret sappers,  
And would, if could be, maiden-trappers.

## CATHAL.

Methinks, they judge their hopes amiss ;  
Lord Howth must nothing know of this :  
Themselves shall tenant prison cell,  
Ere prisoner take they Gwentydele ;  
Thou, Halpin, to them, and pretend  
All favour to their project lend.  
And Ulick, thou, set ambushed guard  
That their escapement be debarred :  
Take earnest of my best regards  
In promise of some near rewards.



## ULICK RRU

Upon the moors of Liex from you  
 Reward preceded earnest due.  
 As you desire, an ambushed band  
 Shall foil to-night's escapement planned.  
 More keen the ward of Western kerne,  
 Than winkless watch of hungry herne,  
 When spying out its wary prey :—  
 To post the guard, come Halp away.

## HALPIN

While with their schemes I play leap frog ;  
 Now back, then forward, jump agog.  
 As was his wont, Halp, sped along  
 A-chanting some impromptu song.

## SONG

One way you must a maiden woo,  
 That is, to woo her blindly.  
 If maidens would have men to sue,  
 They must encourage kindly :  
 She, who, in lover seeks a fault,  
 Has love that's but a liking ?  
 And he whose love in doubt would halt,  
 Has love that goes a hyking. \*

## CATHAL

Since our well-favourers are gone,  
 And we are, as of old, alone ;

\* a backing

We, both shall hence this crypted gloom,  
To sunny-banks, where heather bloom,  
Is purple full, in full perfume ;  
And converse softly as we rove,  
Wrapped in the raptures of our love.  
And breathe those heart-thoughts, Gwenydele,  
Which none, save lovers, feel and tell.

## GWENYDELE

Troubles past were worth enduring,  
For a happy hour like this,  
Now my hopes are reassuring  
Me, of future years of bliss.

They quit the cell, and through the wood  
Steal forth, embraced as lovers should,—  
Charmed with their own, not Nature's charms,—  
More wrapped in soul, than wrapped in arms ;  
Nor eye, had they, for aught or other,  
Charms, save those of one another,  
Nor ear for amorous warbling bird ;  
They, but their own sweets whispered heard ;  
To bush-screened, rock-brooks, trickling, chime ;  
To laving waves, in timeful tune ;  
As senseless, they, as the deaf and dumb.—  
Self-centred, Reader, leave them,—come  
With me, and view some scenes, if minded,  
These two had seen, had love not blinded—  
(And in enarmoured self-sight bound them)  
To Nature's beauties strewn around them.

The sun's uninterrupted beam,  
Laid on the hill one solid gleam ;  
Like burnished gold made doubly bright,  
The golden gorse glows in his light :  
Its gay, and scent emitting bloom  
Invites the bee to crest its plume.  
With dun-deep tints is overlaid  
The Corston Vale where sleeps the shade ;  
And Carrick Brac's high heather dons  
A shimmering hue of purple bronze :  
The carline thistle's turf of down,  
In silken globes deserts its crown,  
And through the air swim, play, and swing,  
And emigrate upon the wing,  
Like scion of an ancient land  
To colonize a new found stand.  
The holly briar, and sallow dock  
In tangled wrestlings interlock.  
The marsh can boast the waring sedge ;  
And ferns the rocks like feathers fledge,  
While grows the sundew tall and rank,  
By rush-edged pools, and sedgey bank.  
The sedum acres' cloth of gold,—  
That arab weed of the arid wold,—  
Invades each rocky chink and ledge,  
And wanders to the ocean's edge ;  
The mallow's streaken cups of blue  
Like topaz shine when charged with dew.  
With varied green the massing mosses  
Each knoll of stone or earth embosses ;  
These tufted knolls kind nature covers,

As cushioned seats for straying lovers :  
And green-stone rock, and granite gray  
And bald, burst through in bold array.  
Mid heather, fern, and mosses green,—  
Which furnish beauty to this scene,—  
We Cathal leave and Gwenydele,  
Within each other's hearts to dwell  
For Reader ever was it known,  
That lovers love to be alone.

Now, Reader, let thy vision's flight  
Take wing to view, Sleive Martin's height <sup>86</sup>  
Crowned a by king's sepulchral cairn,  
Since bloomed on Earth the Rose of Sharon.  
Foul scorn on bard would pass by here  
The fame of Crimthan's bright career,  
Nor sing in cold, conventional days,  
A hero Ollamb's well won praise :—  
How he, the conqueror of his day,  
Led his flotilla from the bay  
To Cambria's coast, and distant Gaul,  
And laid them under tribute's thrall,  
And culled from many a hostile heath  
Rich blossoms for his martial wreath.  
Where'er his sunburst banner spread,  
It lit to victory those he led.  
To British kings he lent his arm of might,  
And stayed the Roman Eagle's further flight  
O'er Erin's Isle ; and made imperial prey  
His prize, and home triumphant bore his way,  
With these fair trophies to his Island hold :—

A Roman car embossed with graven gold ;  
 A cunning-carved, and jewelled-hilted brand,  
 And standard, torn from Legion leader's hand ;  
 A brazen shield in bas-relievo wrought  
 With bold exploits its warrior-owner fought ;  
 A suit of armour starred with charm-cut gems ;  
 A gold-clasped cloak, a trine of diadems ;  
 And, silver-leashed, two hounds (Mollosia's race),  
 The tent's sure sentries, fleetest in the chase :  
 Of broaches, rings, and broidered robes a store,  
 Some stately scion of the Purple wore—  
 Some favoured champion in Circensian games.  
 Ah ! little deemed applauding Latian dames  
 That all this wealth of war so proudly worn,  
 A Celtic chief's rude rath should e'er adorn.

\* \* \* \* \*

But hark to Fancy's ear, what sprite tongue tells  
 Clear, thrilling sweet as pipe of Philomel's  
 To us its rhapsody of rhyméd notes  
 That quivering on the æriel sound-wave floats  
 And lures our wakened Fancy, till in flight  
 Of ecstasy she waft her to the light  
 Of that far world, the Orb of Poesy,  
 Where minstrels lutes are strung, and minstrels free  
 Inhale the balmy atmosphere of Song.  
 In that blight ideal world the genii throng  
 Of bards that have been, are, and are to be ;  
 And fan the lucent air with melody,  
 And pulse their sylphen wings to phantasy.  
 Amid the genii choir the voice we hear

Rings sweet from *Nair*, who charmed us to yon sphere<sup>87</sup>  
And now her song, soft carols in our ear,  
Of him whose mortal destiny she held  
In sway,—Ben Eadir's Monarch-Bard of Eld.

## NAIR'S RHAPSODY ON KING CRIMTHAN

When olden in honours, did Druids inhume,  
King Crimthan beneath yonder cairn-spired tomb,  
Confronting the East where the god of his light,  
Illumines his star-spangled temple the Night,  
And smiles on his worshipper's stone-structured shroud,  
While clearing his mist-shadowed forehead of cloud.  
To blason, King Crimthan ! thy cairn with his fire,  
As emblemizing daily thy funeral pyre :

Bel's roseate beams new-born,  
First greet thy grave at morn ;  
And lingers loth to leave,  
His latest ray at eve.

As bright as thy sungod in noontide of glory  
So shone in thine epoch, the fame of thy story ;  
As sea-mists envelop thy pinnacled shrine,  
So now doth Tradition thine exploits confine.

In art-fashioned tombs, 'neath cathedral domes  
The knights of the Cross find their sepulchre-homes,  
Where, standards they carried, or won in the fray,  
Now moth-eaten droop o'er their mouldering clay :  
But rock-entombed Crimthan stands ; buried upright,  
With sword, sparthe, and spear, as for battle bedight,  
Confronting his foemen,—and backed by the Rock,—  
Importing how he, in life, met the foe's shock.

No fane-enclosed vault might thy body encase ;  
 Thy mausoleum, Ben Eadir pavilioned by space :  
 Integrate thy standard, till Time shall away,  
 No worm-eaten, mildewing, rag of a day :  
 Thy banner, the sunburst unfurled from the wave,  
 In glowing resplendency, floats o'er thy grave ;  
 While the trumpet-toned wind, and the ocean's deep boom,  
 In anthems heroic chant praise o'er thy tomb.

When the glistening spear  
 Of the thunder-bolt shears  
 The flood poised in the sphere,  
 What a deity thine !  
 How this lustrous eyes shine  
 Through celestial tears  
 And the welkin suffuse  
 With a halo of hues  
 Smiles gleaming through tears, joys ! and sorrows combine.

Pellucid ærial gems in flight,  
 That shower their sevenfold liquid light  
 A-slant the brightening azure cope,  
 To set the sunbuilt Arch of Hope ;  
 That Bel the Druid's god doth spread  
 In triumph o'er his votary's head.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man a Druid's malison doth earn,  
 Who, passing pays not tribute to thy cairn  
 But, whoso lays the tributary stone, is blest  
 To mark the spot where Crimthan's dust doth rest.<sup>28</sup>

## CANTO FIFTH.

## THE JOURNEY.

Unfurls the sunburst o'er the night,  
And streaks aglow with blushing light  
The far off misty line, where, sigh  
And kiss the lips of sea and sky,  
When Night doth bid the Day good-bye :—  
So, new-wed lovers, ere they start  
For daily toil, in blushes part,  
All rosy-warm with kisses lipped.  
Now rise the Abbey's guests, equipped,  
And health renewed by sleep and food,  
They sing and jest, in sprightly mood :  
For roving wights most jocund are,  
When sure afoot for scenes afar ;  
And, joyful much where things are strange,  
To them the cup of life is,—change.

Thus gay they faced the day's luck, when  
De Vorden comes, with score of men ;  
And orders strict to circumvest  
The Connaught seamen in arrest,  
And guard them, instant, to the gates  
Of Castle Howth. There, escort waits  
Lord Howth's command—a burly force  
Of Jakkmen, both of Foot and Horse,—  
Who Granuaile, and Gwenydele,  
And agents from the Queen what tell



Of treason-tangrams 'gainst the Crown,  
Will forthwith march to Dublin town :  
De Vorden tolls a troop as guard  
The prisoners on the march to ward :  
And while they form above the clang  
Of orders, and disorder, rang  
An ancient song that Ulick sang :—

## SONG.

## I.

Up, Gael, arise !—with sunburst, up !  
Our Ollamh-bards of old  
Our Pagan fathers told,  
If the \*Erinnach would Fortune's cup  
To brimful fill with gold,  
The Fire-god's child, at burst of sun,  
Must set his daily task a-run.

## II.

From dawn to dark, heaven's standard waves  
To cheer our war of toil,  
Till, won our harvest-spoil,  
It furls at Eve where Western caves  
Meet Ocean's thundering moil :  
The Fire-god's child at set of sun  
May rest, his war of labour done.

## III.

Yon rays that led our ancient hopes,  
On new hopes, may they fall !  
And those at Erin's call,

\* The Irish.

Who, dauntless, with the Alien copes  
    To break our Nation's thrall ;  
The Ollamh's pledge is—rise with sun,  
Thou Fire-god child, and freedom's won.

The strain scarce ceased :—"To horse, to horse !"  
De Vorden bids his Jakkman force :  
Each mounts his steed, and shouts a toast  
To speed the fancy loved the most ;  
Then, tilt their drinking-horns, nor miss  
They one—each stirrup-cup must kiss  
Each cup, 'mid salvoes of applause,  
If boon good-luck shall bless their cause,  
And luck at morn the day maintain,—  
Nor toast be pledged, and quaffed in vain !  
Their horns in lengthy gulps they drain ;  
And next, in single file they keep  
The narrow path toward the steep ;  
The prisoners, rear, and front, and flanks,  
Hemmed closely in between the ranks ;  
Two horse before, and two behind,  
And eight each side their charge confined,  
Till nigh the Castle gate they come,  
Where blatant trump, and rolling drum  
Announce Lord Howth's prepared to march :—  
Now prancing forth the portal's arch,  
A train of horsemen rich arrayed  
Debouch, and lead the cavalcade :  
Their glistening pikes of polished steol,  
Alive with sunlight, flash and reel.  
Ten paces forward, on his steed,  
Their Lord in armour took the lead ;

On either side him rode serene  
The Crown-ward, and the Western Queen,—  
This eagle-like, that like a dove,  
Thus emblemate of War and Love,  
Sir Cathal, guest of honour, bore  
The jewelled truncheon of the corps,  
In token delegate command  
Had Howth committed to his hand.

An inly watcher of the loved  
Is lover's eye, as Cathal's proved ;  
When Gwenydele's infrequent glance  
Had caught his looks by looks askance,—  
Oh ! were they by design or chance,  
At either thrown ? She surely must  
Her oft disordered quoin adjust !  
Correcting, whiles, its disarray :—  
And if a look sped Cathal's way  
That, such was purposed who dare say ?  
Fie ! on the unchivalric churl,  
Who deems she chides a naughty curl  
Excuse for looking coyish round,  
Where all her soul's desire is found ;—  
Or, thinks her blush betrays her lover's  
More detective eye discovers  
That, she would see and not be seen :  
Oh Love is hypocrite, I ween !

As wont, in musings vague employed,  
Sped Halpin hard by De la Hoyde.  
They speed to where De Vorden's troop  
Of practised men adroitly loop

Them on a-rear, the cavalcade,  
Their captives in the midst arrayed.  
Their ranks entire, well dressed in drill  
Smiled at the seamens' dishabille ;  
These prated free, and freely sang,—  
What though to curb their boisterous clang  
The words—"keep order there !" oft rang,  
On wend they, guard-bound, spirit free,  
To The City of Flaming Castles Three.\*

The region circling their advance  
Is storied in the realm, Romance :  
Some deeds, here done laud Christian life,  
Some vile ! some e'en ennoble strife ;  
But all with man's vagaries rife.  
For tragic fame one action chanced,—  
Which holds the stoic-souled entranced,—  
So much Romance, it outromanced—  
The Bridal day at Malahide,  
That wived, and widowed maiden-bride.  
No song that Shannon's Swan did sing ; †  
Nor golden pinion in his wing,  
Can match the "Bridal of Malahide,"  
For dirgeful note, or plumaged pride :  
Famed far this song has flown, beyond  
His city of the "Broken Bond. ‡"  
The Muse, impatient, stays not wing  
To here alight, those scenes to sing :

\* The Dublin city Arms are emblazoned with three Castles in flames.

† Gerald Griffin's celebrated "Bridal of Malahide."

‡ Limerick.

Bound to the march, nor must she stay ;  
 Except to write each songster's lay,  
 Who sings in turn along the way :  
 They march to town, in right rough taunt,  
 Or soft of strain, in part romaunt.

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### THE BOLD RAPPAREE.

(ULIOK RHU SINGA.)

*Air—Granuaile's March.*

#### I.

I sing not the lordling of mansion or manor,  
 Nor high-mettled knight of the lance and the banner ;  
 But a hero whose hand and brand hold his heath free,  
 With a band of brave *bochals* \*—The Bold Rapparee.†

#### II.

The Deputy passes fine laws for our rule,  
 To keep us his slavelings in Tyranny's school ;  
 We deem his fine law-making State-knavery,  
 And make our own laws,—said the Bold Rapparee.

#### III.

As the eagle, o'er sea and land, forays in might,  
 No meering confining the stretch of his flight ;  
 From centre to compass his pinions sweep free,—  
 And as free is the swoop of—the Bold Rapparee.

\* *Bochals* (lads.)

† *Rapparee* (an Irish Robin Hood.)

## IV.

From the † Cove to the Causeway, from Arran to Howth,  
 He levies Blackrent by the dread of his wroth,  
 Where he likes he his tenant, and holds in frank-fee,—  
 For liking makes lease to—the Bold Rapparee.

## V.

Him coign, and him livery all men must pay,<sup>89</sup>  
 His life for a § *thraneen* who dare say him nay !  
 || Dhu-ma-doual better beard in wilds of Glencree,  
 Than throw a black look to—the Bold Rapparee.

## VI.

On his head is a price, and his poll is a prize  
 His enemies covet, but which of them tries  
 The hazard to snatch it ?—though fortune it be  
 In the hand that strikes headless—the Bold Rapparee.

## VII.

A bribe has too short-fingered reach to arrest,  
 And cage him, the Duputy's deep-dungeoned guest :—  
 Oh !—the Castle-gate spike, sure a stiff neck would be,  
 For the head, if once lopped, of—the Bold Rapparee.

## VIII.

To tussle with Queensmen, to lift a fat fold,  
 To scummer the sea, or to raid on the wold,—  
 Long live the brave *bochals*, who hold the heath free,  
 And follow the heels of—the Bold Rapparee !

† Cove to the Causeway (Cork harbour to Antrim's Giant's Causeway.)

§ Thraneen (a little straw.)

|| Dhu-ma-doual (the black demon.)

As humour tends, the rebel strain  
Applausive, or averse, is ta'en ;  
The Jakkmen wince that varlet-thief  
Acclaimed should be as valiant chief :  
In surly sort they roundly swear,—  
Yon Rapparee should swing in air !  
Vociferously the Connaught crew  
Applaud with whoop and wild "*Hurroo !*"  
Oh ! how appeal in speech or song,  
If false or true, if right or wrong,  
Is judged as throb the heart's emotions,  
Or, as indulged the mind's blent notions,  
As self-absorbing aims dictate,  
Or stirs politic love, or hate ! —  
The sailor-folks' triumphant tone,  
In silent scorn the Jakkmen own,—  
De Vorden save,—whose stomach high,  
Avengement craved, who sought reply  
To foil their song with loyal strain,  
"Come ! De la Hoyde, troll thy refrain"  
De Vorden cried, "in repartee  
To rebel lauds of Rapparee ;  
A tuneful merle within our walls,  
I know thou art, when cause befalls ;  
With martial music charge thy throat,  
And stoutly chant a challenge-note :  
Since brags, not blows, rule this dispute,  
Ha ! give them a kick of "*The Jakkman's Boot,*"  
Come, prove their, canting rebel-vaunt  
Can ne'er a Jakkman's courage daunt."

SONG, (*De la Hoyde Sings*)THE JAKKMAN'S BOOT.<sup>40</sup>

## I.

The moon had pushed clear of the clouds in the sky,  
And the Rories were out when they suddenly spy,  
In breathless affright, the print in the clay  
Of a Jakkman's boot where our bivonac lay :

And they shout :

"They are out !—

Give speed to your breath,

Would you keep a whole skin, on the life-side of Death !"

## CHORUS.

Wild Rory Ogue,<sup>41</sup>

The Rapparee-rogue,

When marching by moonlight for foray and loot,

Took fright and flight

At the terrible sight

Of the print in the bog of a Jakkman's boot.

## II.

We Jakkmen be stout-hearts, and trenchermen true,

Who cheer for Queen Bess to the Rories "*Aboo*",<sup>42</sup>

No chickens be we to flutter in fright

At the screech, or the swoop, of a Rapparee-kite !

Who will shout

When we're out :—

"Give speed to your breath,

Would you keep a whole skin, and the life-side of Death !"



## III.

Two pounds of beef daily are rations for four ;<sup>43</sup>  
Eight herrings *per diem* for half the week, more  
With meal ; and with ale to the full we can swill—  
Small marvel starved Rories are scared at us still ?

That they shout,

When we're out :

“Give speed to your breath,

Would you keep a whole skin, and the life-side of Death !”

## IV.

May Ormond, Kildare, and the Lords of the Pale,  
Keep hostings *galore* in the wilds of the Gael,  
For baiting the Rapparee-wolf and his cubs,  
Till we clear the land clean of these pestilent grubs.

Let them shout,

When we're out :

“Give speed to your breath,

Would you keep a whole skin, and the life-side of Death !”

## V.

With the Rories at rest, in the “Garronsman's Bed,”<sup>44</sup>  
And their lands in the Palesmen's possession instead,  
King Philip of Spain, and all his Don-train,  
May seek their allies in Sathanas' domain !

None to shout

When we're out :

“Give speed to your breath

Would you keep a whole skin, and the life-side of Death !”

## VI.

Thus softened to peace, our fair Island would thrive,  
With the Lieges as busy as bees in a hive ;

The Jakkmen turned farmers, their crops in the breeze,  
Might ripen, for hung were—the kite Rapparees!—

None to shout,

When we're out :

“Give speed to your breath !”—

For they've none to give speed to—O' the death side of, Death !

CHORUS.

Wild Rory Ogue,

The Rapparee rogue, etc., etc.

The troopers chorused bold the strain,  
And cheers, re-chorused, cheers amain,  
And roister cachinnations coarse,  
Commend the song till throats grew hoarse.  
And ere the taunting concert ceased  
Their prisoners' ire to rage increased,  
With eyes afire, whose vengeance glowed,  
High waxed the tumult on the road.  
Above the din rose Ulick's cry,—  
“Give back our swords!—*they* shall reply  
To Palesmen's floutings flung in songs!  
Long centuries ago, our wrongs  
Were righted on this ancient Plain  
Of Eadir's Flocks!<sup>45</sup> and shall the stain  
Kincora's dying sword effaced,<sup>46</sup>  
But Strongbow's sanguined arms replaced  
And scored in double-deeper dye,  
Remain?—and,—blot accurst!—yet lie,  
For lack of native swords to raze  
To dust the power the Norman sways.”

As Celts and Palesmen counter cheer  
The tumult rolled to front from rear,

From front, Sir Cathal, rode, and calls,  
"What mean ye by these madding brawls,  
Keep tranquil in the lines! Control  
Your ires, and think on pledged parole,  
Else, till ye reach the Bridge-gate Arch,\*  
In silence strict ye take your march.  
How now, De Vorden!—Lost thy wit,  
That thou dost De la Hoyde permit  
To pipe contemptuous Party-carols,  
And provoke outrageous quarrels?—  
An ye would sing, your notes must sooth,  
And ruffle not our way; but smooth  
With lays of some chivalrous sort,  
And cast no girds that rouse retort.  
Good Halpin! Let thy Muse be tried  
To ebb their humour off the tide  
Of strife; and by thy legend-lore,  
Like ebbing waves on Time's wide shore,  
With ancient ranns, † the peace restore:  
The Past like nurse, a lullaby  
Shall sing in mellow minstrelsie."  
Then Halp, with patriotic strain  
Evokes the praise of all the train  
Rebel or Liege, and humour gay  
O'ershines the legend-lightened way.

## SONG.

Clontarf! oh, Clontarf! oh! how proudly applauded  
The fame of thy field in the Erinnach's song;

\* One of the City of Dublin Gates.

† Stories.

Where the Prince of a people by strangers defrauded,  
 Avenged in one day full three centuries of wrong,—  
 The Prince of the chiefs of the Race of Dal-Cais.<sup>47</sup>

On the thousand and thirteenth return of the day  
 Of the year, when the Virgin-born Saviour and Son  
 On Calvary's altar in sacrifice lay,  
 The field of Clontarf was contested and won  
 By the Prince of the Chiefs of the Race of Dal-Cais.  
 Oh, noble that triumph!—though costly it's gain,  
 For the life-blood of prince and his heir dewed the sword;  
 But not till the pride of the foreigner-Dane,  
 And Norseman-dominion, succumbed to the sword  
 Of the Prince of the chiefs of the Race of Dal-Cais.  
 Long alive, live the Mind of thy day, oh, Clontarf!  
 In the Erinach's Lay!—ever lustrous its fame!—  
 While throbs on the shingle the pulse of thy surf,  
 Let Kincora's renown be his country's acclaim,  
 And famed be the Prince of the Race of Dal-Cais!

## CATHAL.

Good Halpin, thy poetic strain,  
 Has waked the Celtio hopes again  
 For conquest: how these Kernes exult!  
 And count thy lay a threat occult,  
 From olden triumphs, and applied  
 By them to new ones, which abide,  
 As yet, in Hope's vague oasis:—  
 A long fetched tale of triumph is  
 Clontarf's Great Day, to sound in verse:  
 They, omen, take the Dane's reverse

Of your, if came the time and chance.—  
Come tune thy chant, that it enhance  
To Celtic eyes, the Norman Race.

"Right Cathal is !—These lacks-o-grace,  
And ocean scummers, need such tune,  
As force them spin a rigadoon,"  
De Vorden laughingly broke in.

## CATHAL.

De Vorden, no, 'twere cruel sin  
To weight with insult captive chain :  
So, strike a nonpolitic strain  
Of Norman charity and nerve,  
Twill better fellowship subserve.  
The foe grant charity of grace  
Thou wouldst they gave the Anglo race;  
And ridicule not racial faults,  
Nor virtues laud in vaunting vaults ;  
This rasps the spirit, that doth raise  
It o'er entitled meed of praise :—  
Good Halpin canst again unfold  
Some inoffensive tale of old !

## HALPIN.

Ah ! such can I of days long gone  
Of the Irish Norman Knights of Saint John.

## SONG.

THE IRISH NORMAN KNIGHTS OF SAINT JOHN.<sup>48</sup>

## I.

From Clontarf the Knights of Saint John,  
With their House at Kilmainham are gone ;

Of the noblest blood were they born ;  
To the poorest of lives were they sworn ;  
To the service of sick were they vowed ;  
Whom they shielded from Saracen proud ;  
In a surtout of black were they vest  
With a cross of snow white on the breast.  
They, like the Knights Templars,  
Were goodly exemplars  
Of militant Christians on earth ;  
In humility rich as in birth ;  
Such lives of sacrifice are gone  
With the Irish Norman Knights of Saint John.

## II.

The oldest four Knights of the band,  
Horizontally held in the hand  
Two lances at end by the hafts ;  
A shield was laid flat on the shafts ;  
At its crown, with head bent, a young Knight  
Held up in the Brotherhood's sight,  
A sword with a crucifix hilt,—  
The sign of Christ dying for guilt :  
Laying Gospel and Psalter,  
On the improvised altar  
The priest laid the Pix on the Shield ;  
And a Battle Mass said on the field :  
Thus prayed they ere the war set on,  
The Irish Norman Knights of Saint John.

## III.

The Paynim, how could he o'erthrow  
The Norman Knights led by Strongbow,

When Ireland heroic in fight  
 Succumbed to their disciplined might ;  
 From Bagge and Bunn creak with their lance,<sup>49</sup>  
 Did Victory hail their advance ;  
 And riding unchecked by defeat,  
 In Eblana they set their chief seat.

At Clontarf and Kilmainham,  
 These foes of the Paynim,  
 Preceptories founded and feed,  
 For the Crusade, for Christ, and for Creed.  
 In field and home chivalric shone  
 The Irish Norman Knights of Saint John.

“ That noble song of thine annoyed  
 The Granuailes,” said De la Hoyde.  
 “ They writhed their brows, a dudgeon scowl,  
 And like a thunder cloud, as foul,  
 They lowered, whilst you carolled praise  
 Of Strongbow and the Norman days :—  
 When Mass you named, they smiled a yea ;  
 When Norman Knights, they growled a nay ;  
 Sir Cathal’s wishes to appease—  
 These fire-god natured Rapparees ;—  
 Thou hast not, Halpin, granted yet ;  
 Nor peaceful pæan chanted yet :  
 Their joy would be a rebel rant.”

Said Cathal,—“ Things are viewed askaunt  
 Or straight, as bias turns the eye ;  
 We smile or scowl, we joy or sigh,  
 As sentiment does homage to,  
 Or rails against our inbred view ;

We spy in no man, De la Hoyde,  
The truth with bias unalloyed :  
The Celtic bias loathes your race ;  
You Palesmen would the Celt efface ;  
Amalgamate, in blood and creed,  
And Ireland will like England speed.  
Ere Tudor reigned our racial strife  
Made social war the plague of life ;—  
Our interests, national, were rent !  
Our broils, our strength, for conquest spent !  
True ! home and Gallic tumults, first,  
Our peerless, martial, spirit nursed,  
Which holds in check the world's array :  
With race-weld grew our nerve for away,  
When Saxon maid and Norman knight  
At nuptial altar knit their plight :  
Amalgamate in seed and breed !  
And Ireland will like England speed.  
Lo ! De la Hoyde, the prisoners pass  
In haste, to yonder well en masse.  
How now, ye Kerne ? What new design ?  
De Vorden haste ! reform the line !  
How lax your guard ! Surround the Kerne !  
And instant fall in form astern.

## HALPIN.

Sir Cathal, hold ! as I am warder,  
Await ! fear not ! this spurt disorder,  
Of purposed riot, nothing shares ;  
It is a customed rite of theirs,  
Around yon well, like circled wall,  
To kneel and pray, for foeman's fall ;



And three times rebaptize their brows,  
 And swear between their vengeance vows ;  
 Nor long will last that doubtful prayer,  
 And soon they will be here, as there  
 They were.

## CATHAL.

Right well and truly said ;  
 In customs old thou art deep read ;  
 The prayer was curt, and short the flight  
 For back they hie with footsteps light.

De Vorden's stentor voice, and worse,  
 Was heard to mingle many a curse :  
 He vents his thoughts in accents plain :  
 Till order stood enforced again ;  
 And settling down his swelling mood,  
 He talks to Halpin hoarse and rude.

## DE VORDEN.

Full learned enough am I to tell  
 Yon cowed spring is no Holy Well.  
 In legend lore I may be dull,  
 Yet, in the "Green Fields of the Bull" <sup>50</sup>  
 I swear, no worshipped spring ere lay ;  
 Then riddle me, Halpin, why they pray.

## HALPIN.

De Vorden, wrong ! a twice blessed water  
 Hallows this field of Danish slaughter ;  
 Saint Dolough, here by Baptist rite  
 Had cleansed the Pagan spirit white ;  
 Kincora's blood, of life the wine,  
 Its waters did incarnadine ;

Thus prayer, and patriotic blood,  
Hath doubly sanctified its flood ;  
These men, both King and Saint implore  
A free Hibernia to restore,  
For special grace to nerve the brand  
To sword the Norman off the land.

## DE VORDEN.

Well, Halp, that is a modest prayer,  
And makes ill speed to Heaven, for there  
Petitions of the murder sort  
Obtain no hearing in its Court ;  
Blest Peace for Normans, Celts, and Danes,  
In the Home of God unruffled reigns ;  
Yet, while on earth the flesh-man's might  
Will exercise its will in fight ;  
And fight he must, who may not love it,  
For kill they will who hate, and covet.  
Now Halpin as they march o'er Coolock  
Loud chants the legend of Saint Dolough.

SAINT DOLOUGH (*Ancient Ballad*).

A prince of the blood of Constantine,  
And near Byzantium's throne,  
Whose parts and person did outshine  
The noblest manhood known,  
Would wed a lovely Grecian grace ;  
As old traditions prove,  
That who once saw her form and face  
Must look, and long, and love.

It happed in heat of battle broil,  
This prince lay wounded sore,  
This maid of mercy, wine and oil  
Did in his gashes pour.  
And took him to her father's oot  
By a lovely woodland side,  
And nursed his health till he re-got  
The strength of manhood's pride.

His wounds of war the maiden's art,  
Did heal, but, woe of woes !  
In him her looks smote wound of heart  
Her love could only close :  
For many a day in secret bowers  
They met, and vowed, and sighed,  
And minutes wished the lagging hours  
Until the bridal tide.

True lovers love is sorely marred,  
Nor happy in this life,  
If courtship's course howe'er so barred,  
End not in man and wife :  
If lover's love be love untrue,  
When they be wife and man,  
They all their days be wedded to  
A partnership of ban.

. . . . .  
If one be suitor and his love  
Hath long unguerdoned been,  
When did such rival's eyes not move  
To see and not be seen ?

A traitor rival saw them fond,  
To him the sight was dree,  
And in the prince's Court he planned  
An artful treacherie.

He, and the prince's brethren plot  
To break the nuptial tie,  
That priest in holy fane did knot  
Before the Throne on high ;  
And counsel took with witch on wold  
To spare the prince's bride,  
But babe and him in death to fold  
Before the Lammas' tide.

The Lammas' tide was come and gone.  
Still safe were babe and he,  
For Jesu's grace did make of none  
Effect their witcherie :  
So they bethink on other plans  
Begot of treacherie,  
To swear the babe another man's  
Born in adulterie.

They wrought his mind with tales untrue,  
That false was his true love ;  
If to her bower that night he drew,  
He would her falseness prove.  
Now they had bade the High Court fool  
With mirth to cheer her bower.  
But not to keep her heart from dole ;  
They named the spot and hour.

The prince believed their perfide oath,  
Yet sore distraught in mind,  
He doubted still, and still was loath  
Her false in love to find ;  
His heart aflame, and sword in hand  
He swore in wrathful pride,  
"If she be false this princely brand  
The bridegroom shall unbride."

He sought her bower and there he heard  
Two voices speaking clear ;  
His ladye's voice like singing bird,  
Rang out in tuneful cheer.  
He rushed him in, the speakers through  
He pierced and flung to earth,  
And cried, "Ye false ones have your due,  
Die, in your guilty mirth."

"Oh ! why, sir prince, thou wouldst slay me ?"  
The High Court jester cried,  
"Doth madness fret thy brain that ye  
Have killed your babe and bride ?"  
He told him how his brothers sent  
Him to the ladye's bower  
"And let your wit," quoth they, "be spent  
To cheer her lonely hour."

Come wail a woe ! come wail a woe !  
(God fend us all I pray !)  
For wrathful deed, and wanton blow  
Must life-long penance pay.

Come wail a woe ! come wail a woe !  
For the bridegroom's anguish vain,  
For bride and babe—and overthrow  
Of princely line and reign.

His slaughtered ladye to his breast  
He wrapped, and weeping, said,  
My guilty soul shall never rest  
Save heaven our souls re-wed :  
He straight him to his brothers four,  
And to the traitor then,  
And left them dying in their gore,  
These five perfidious men.

His sword he snapped athwart his knee,  
And cursed his wilful deed,  
Its two parts cast he in the sea,  
And banned his warrior creed :  
He from his head his helmet threw,  
And the armour from his frame.  
His robe of royal purple hue,  
He cast into the flame.

A staff from where his dead one lay,  
He grasped in hand full fast.  
And cassock rough, of sackcloth grey,  
He round his body cast.  
A vow he took to serve for life  
In orisons his God,  
And penance do for babe and wife ;  
As Palmer sandal-shod.

Renouncing rank and leaving home,  
Most wretched of the poor,  
A restless-footed man to roam,  
And beg from door to door ;  
He travelled East, North, South, and West,  
The Inds and Barbarie ;  
Nor could his soul nor body rest,  
Nor yet from anguish flee.

To the Holy Sepulchre in fright  
He came and prayed a year  
An angel bright, in shining white,  
Before him did appear ;  
And said, good Palmer, "Thou shalt rest  
Heaven hears thy ceaseless prayer  
Thy bride is sainted with the blessed,  
Thy babe a cherub fair."

Come smile a joy ! come smile a joy !  
With me all ye who hear,  
That Jesu's mercy is not coy  
When trial's most severe ;  
Come smile a joy ! come smile a joy !  
That souls a-rot in sin,  
Who penitance and prayer employ,  
Can Jesu's favour win.

A bright, bright brand the angel drew,  
It flashed like lightnings' flame,  
Its bloodless blade the Palmer knew,  
'Twas once his brand of shame ;

It touched him on the tonsures' point ;  
His sorrows instant cease ;  
"Thou Palmer-prince I thee anoint,  
Saint Dolough, go in peace.

Arise ! go hence, and turn thy face  
To the sainted Isle of Sea ;  
There preach the wondrous works of grace  
That Jesu wrought in thee ;"  
So through this Ireland, far and wide,  
Folk flocked where'er he trod,  
To hear the Gospel till he died  
And passed assoilized to God.

He yonder built his holy cell, <sup>51</sup>  
And raised his chapelrie ;  
And baptistrie o'er holy Well  
To tell of his pietie ;  
May God, the Blessed Trinitie,  
Us shepherd in his pen ?  
And when we die may Jesu free  
Assoilze our souls, Amen.

## DE VORDEN.

That ballad, Halpin, pleased the crowd,  
How canst thou lies in numbers shroud,  
And grace them with harmonic charms ?  
Remembering not the hurts and harms,  
Such monkish tales of deeds untrue .  
To soul and State unwittingly do :  
Why siren-like, lilt lies to lure,  
Us back to tenets insecure ?



Them leave with times, when men received  
 For truths, traditions they believed ;  
 It ill befits such tales intrude  
 Our day, of Gospel truth renewed.

## HALPIN.

Oh, how I laugh ! go take the gown !  
 And preach to rival Primate Brown ;<sup>52</sup>  
 Though Fiction but reflects the Truth,  
 'Tis ever fresh and bright as youth :  
 Truths may wax trite, but Fiction never,  
 Yet Truth will outlive Fiction ever.  
 Save Fancy's light, illumine our pates,  
 For us, no fiction truth ornares :  
 What verity, that bravo-bruit  
 Displays—that rant—"The Jakkman's Boot,"  
 (Thine Rory Ogue pulled off for thee)  
 Much more than boasts—"The Rapparee"  
 Or legend in Saint Dolough told !—  
 Some verities all fictions hold.  
 De Vorden, all you men of lance,  
 Are out of tune with high romance,  
 And liked or not will be the rhymes  
 As to thy bias twangs its chimes.

## DE VORDEN.

Beshrew thy argument, and mirth  
 O'er Rory, when I fell to earth,  
 By slip of boot, on icy bog  
 While full in fence with the lawless dog.

## HALPIN.

What boots it, Jakkman's boot to boast,  
Whose slip, thy life, kicked out, almost  
From Vorden's flesh, De Vorden's ghost ;  
Thy hand can hold thy head, I know,  
Save Judas Jakkboot lay it low.  
The things we boast, and love pursuing  
Are oft the source of our undoing.

Loud rang the laugh along the march,  
At Halpin's sallies, spry and arch.

## DE VORDEN.

Confound thee, Halpin ! blunt thy sharp  
And wit-edged speech, nor further carp  
At that most treacherous slip of boot :  
Our marshalled Hosting, next afoot  
For Leix, I swear, my manhood's pith,  
Shall Rory's courage prove a myth.  
But here, we trench on Glasmanogue,  
And Ostmanby, whose wood, the rogue,  
And outlaw shelters in its glades <sup>58</sup>

## HALPIN.

Most holy of the sacred glades  
Of oaks were prized, in ancient times,  
These Woods of Osmanby. From climes,  
Of Christian name, remote and near,  
The primal Gothic builders, here,  
Of early fanes, for roofage came,  
And altar wood ; they in God's name,

Mid ceremonial pageant felled  
 Its monarch trees ; for Churchmen held,  
 No spider in its hallowed grain,  
 Its webs could spin ; nor worms profane,  
 Curst canker-bite its heart could tap ;  
 Nor drought could file to dust its sap.  
 The why Westminster's hallowed roof  
 Is 'gainst all weevil evil proof.  
 The oaks of mistletoe prolific,  
 The builders deemed the most specific  
 For rooftree use ; for occult charms  
 'Gainst tooth of Time, and insect harms.

DE VORDEN.

My certes ! if of insect free,  
 And rot, these woods are held to be,  
 They far more hurtful vermin hold—  
 That social pest the Outlaw bold.  
 But come, canst thou not fling a chant.  
 Devoid of Masses, monks and cant ?

HALPIN.

Hah ! that I can, and of this spot,  
 Archer, Little John's Wonderous Shot."

LITTLE JOHN'S SHOT.<sup>54</sup>

A BALLAD.

I.

A mighty man is Dublin's Mayor,  
 And his Aldermen mighty as he ;  
 And the City maids are kind and fair,

And its men they are witty, and free :  
The Mayor he is a princely host ;  
His Aldermen finished at tossing a toast ;  
And lad and lass, get Hymen-bound ;  
For where is old maid or bachelor found ?

## II.

The Mayor and Aldermen had come,  
In their robes right gaylily dressed,  
To meet the Burghers fife and drum,  
Who were dight in their holiday vest :  
Waiting were these men of renown,  
For Richard the Second to enter the Town,  
To ride the Franchise bounds that day,  
With Royal and Municipal array.

## III.

With armoured Nobles, Yeomen, too,  
With Judges and Sheriffs, in wig and in gown,  
The King, the Castle, left, and flew  
A-horseback, galloping into the Town ;  
And at the Tholsel met the Mayor ;  
And the welcomes when greeted right loyally, there ;  
The Town they march with music round,  
A-riding the Franchises, Bound to Bound.<sup>55</sup>

## IV.

Through Saint Kevins to Donnybrook,  
They rode them three miles to kiss the Black Stone ;  
For right to fish with net and hook,  
Into the sea a gold arrow was thrown :

King, Mayor, Sword, Mace, and Council, all  
At Castleknock crawled through the Hole-in-the-Wall ;  
At Ostmanby the Charter is lost,  
If Liffey by arrowshot cannot be crossed.

## V.

At Ostmanby they pass a wood,  
Of the holiest oak, of oaks that grow ;  
And in its glades an archer stood,  
Who never missed shot with arrow and bow ;  
Who woe and weary felt with life ;  
A banished man, he, from his children and wife,  
And his home in Merry Sherwood  
And that monarch of Chieftains Bold Robin Hood.

## VI.

The Mayor strung his bow of yew,  
Over the Liffey to shoot a good shaft ;  
Though strong his arm, and aim so true,  
No arrow could he o'er the Liffey waft ;  
His Aldermen shot each in turn,  
But failed they as *archers* to bridgen the burn ;  
Then cried the King "as no shaft crossed  
The Liffey, your City's Charter is lost."

## VII.

"My archers are the best bowmen  
That ever shot shaft in the battle or wood ;  
I doubt if pick of English yoemen  
Could arch with an arrow so full a flood :

Go find a man in Glasmanogue ;  
Within a trine hour, but by my horologue ;  
Whose flight of shaft will span the stream,  
And he shall, I hold, your Charter redeem."

## VIII.

Scarce said the King these words of grace.  
When forward there strode from behind a tree,  
A man enloaked from foot to face,  
Who silently strung his bow on his knee,  
His arrow picked, with archer craft,  
He close to his ear drew the cloth-yard shaft,—  
"Take wing," said he, "Swift Bird of the Yew"  
And over the Liffey, and City it flew.

## IX.

Amazed stood King and Aldermen,  
That the City's good Charter escaped so narrow ;  
But when they sought the man agen,  
The archer was flown as quick as his arrow.  
"Go find that archer," said the Mayor,  
"He never shall want for lodging or fare :"  
"Go find that archer," said the King,  
"My yeomen to lead who pull the bowstring :"

## X.

"Go fetch a buck, and ale, and wine,  
Here, we shall feast us to honour the spot ;  
Go fetch that archer here to dine ;  
High shall we feast him, and toast his good shot."

They waited long, no archer came ;  
Each rose to ride home to daughter and dame,  
Nor horse nor weapon lay in sight,  
In safety to carry them home that night.

## XI.

They looked around, and lo ! they scan,  
Coming towards them some mountainous hordes ;  
O'Toole, O'Byrne, and all their clan,<sup>56</sup>  
With the stolen horses, and weapons, and swords,  
The Mayor said, "Slaughtered men we be,  
Since we be unable to fight or flee,  
That archer traitor was, I fear,"  
"Oh nay !" said the King, "I wish he were here."

## XII.

The King his wish had scarcely spoke,  
When out there did step from a hollow tree,  
The archer shrouded in his cloak ;  
Who said to the King, "neither fear nor flee,  
And thou shalt see a bowman play  
His arrows as true as upon that day,  
When Royal Dick, and his yeomen good,  
Fled from the Outlaws of Merry Sherwood.

## XIII.

The King he stamped his foot, and frowned,  
And said, "Sirrah, how by such news came you ?"  
His cloak the archer then unwound,  
And he stood to an inch, full six feet two ;

From head to heel in Lincoln green ;  
All muscle, and sinew, and grace of mien ;  
Surprised the King said, "One so bold,  
Except Robin Hood did I never behold."

## XIV.

Oh ! glorious to see from out his bow,  
Arrow, chase arrow, chase arrow, in flight ;  
Three in the air, from bow to foe,  
Were seen at a time, and seen to alight,  
And pierce, by twos, the hordesmen through ;  
And so he continued to ply his yew ;  
And twice three hundred men, or more,  
Sent flying ere arrows he fired two score.

## XV.

The Mayor more jocund could not be,  
Had doubled he twice his money and town ;  
Nor could the King have shown more glee,  
Had he the French kingdom joined to his crown ;  
As when the furious mountain clan,  
Save those arrow-pinioned, all terrified ran ;  
Then said the Mayor, "what wondrous thing !  
As bow to save citizens, city, and King."

## XVI.

"Come," said the King, "I know thee now,  
Thou, Little John, outlaw of Merry Sherwood,  
Alone of all thy band 'scaped thou,  
When my yeomen, abed, seized bold Robin Hood ;—



Safe in dungeons deep they wail ;  
Thy chief is in irons in Nottingham jail ;  
Thy head is priced in every shire ;  
And Sheriffs are searching for thee, without tire."

## XVII.

"Come, my good liege," said Little John,  
"Thus couldst thou not boast, but for treacherie.  
Brave England's King, awhile agone,—  
And the Charter, and Burghers, of Dublin citie ;  
Thy Suite, too, where were all, I say ?  
Had I not escaped to shoot arrows to-day ;  
Your weapons in your bodies were,  
And ye all in deep dungeons of death, I swear."

## XVIII.

"Right," said the King, "stout Little John,  
My captain of yeomen shall be thy reward ;  
Thy merry mates, for service yon,  
In war, and in peace, shall be my good Guard :  
And Robin out of dungeon come,  
To his Huntington lands and his Earldom ;  
And were Friar Tuck a sober priest  
I, Bishop of London, should make him at least."

## XIX.

"We," said the Mayor, "good Little John,  
Shall recompense thee, as true as thy aim ;  
This henceforth week, in feast alone,  
Shall dedicate we to toasting thy fame ;  
Of our old Burgh thou shalt be free ;  
We pensions shall pay to thy familie ;  
And for all henceforth time this spot  
We name to thy memory, 'Little John's Shot.'"

## XX.

Oh ! a mighty man is Dublin's Mayor,  
And his Aldermen mighty as he ;  
And the City wives, are kind and fair ;  
And their husbands are witty and free ;  
The Mayor he is a princely host :  
His Aldermen glorious when toasting a toast ;  
For when did service done to their town,  
Unrecompensed go, by these men of renown ?

## DE VORDEN.

Thou first of singers, Halp, well done !  
Had not been outlawed, Little John  
His exploits, stout, would force me say,  
He were a Jakkman of his day ;  
For he opposed, as we oppose,  
The Pale's hereditary foes.  
Like streams, with time, these Irish wars.  
Cut wider,—as they run—their scaurs ;  
And when, politic tempests reign  
They burst them, flooding all amain ;  
When sinking back, to confines low,  
Their under-currents, troubled flow,  
And so the seeth is never still.  
But of thy song ; it did me thrill ;  
And Shakespeare, would the palm allot  
To thee for Little John's good shot.

## HALPIN.

Ha, hah ! ha, hah ! my laugh you raise !  
To think how deft you turn my lays  
To Jakkman use, and seek to find ;  
Thyself, and all the Jakkman kind,

Descendants, true-cast in the mould,  
 Of deedsmen of the days of old :  
 Ha, hah ! ha, hah ! great Little John,  
 A Jakkman of the days bygone !  
 Ha, hah ! ha, hah ! I would allow,  
 As soon, the sun a moon ! He slew,  
 And routed, by his single yew,  
 Six hundred foes in Glasmanogue ;  
 Thou couldst not slay one Rory Ogue !  
 Ha, hah ! ha, hah !

DE VORDEN.

And, haw ! haw ! haw !  
 Coop up thy jibing mirth ! I saw,—  
 Since, first, a sword my hand could keep,—  
 Three times that number sodded deep,  
 On moor, in mountain, wood, and weald  
 And hundred Rories forced to yield :  
 If bows were guns thou wilt allow,  
 They would be Jakkman weapons now !

HALPIN.

That, I opine ; but then, a bowman,  
 Jakkman likens not, but yeoman ;  
 But, see the Hurdle-Bridge in sight  
 Ath-cliath, by the Irish hight ;  
 The City's Celtic name before  
 It, Dublin, or Eblana bore.

CATHAL.

Come, Halpin, cease thy mirth, and lay :  
 The serious business of the way  
 Forbids more mirth ; 'tis not to chide  
 Thy joy, I speak, nor song deride,

Whose life-illuming fancies swift,  
Above the flesh-dull spirit's lift.  
Rein Pegasus, in hand, I say,  
And docile guide his rythmic way,  
All fame, prospective, would I give  
In Poesy's dreamy meads to live :—  
To win the sereless name of bard,  
Camps, councils, courts, would I discard,  
And all Ambition loves on earth :  
Oh ! happy Halpin, bird of mirth.  
But I must wake me from this dream !—  
De Vorden, till we cross the stream,  
Well guard the line, and watch alert,  
As Wood of Ostmantown we skirt,  
Lest, ere the Hurdle-Bridge be crossed,  
Some prisoner by escape be lost.  
The Lord of Howth anon to me  
Such order gave, when parted we  
At Ballybough. For speed, he straight  
Would reach the Castle by Dame-Gate,  
With Granuaile, and Ulick Rhu,  
And Lady Gwenydele. He knew  
A rescue-raid might be essayed  
At Ostman's Wood, by ambuscade ;  
And, more, would gain the Council's ear,  
And set their plans ere we appear.

## DE VORDEN.

Right well, Sir Cathal, I will see  
From out our guard-clutch none shall flee.  
Ho ! De la Hoyde, the prisoner's flank  
From van to rear with double rank.

So watched, and double-guarded fast,  
The Wood of Ostman safely past,  
They o'er the Hurdle-Bridge do march,  
And halt before the Bridge-Gate arch :  
Down with a clank the drawbridge goes,  
And slow the stout portcullis rose.  
The sentry sharp demands the " Word,"  
The " Word " was " Sword."—Pass forward, " Sword."  
There stood in force the Civic Guard,  
(Whose right was billet on each Ward,  
For keep, and watch, and " prison-pound,"—  
Thus to the State was Dublin bound.)  
With open warrant forward came  
The City Marshal,—“ In the name  
Of Queen and Council I arrest,  
Sir Cathal, thee, till proof attest,  
Before the morrow's Council-sitting  
Thine innocence of the committing  
Of treason, in Howth's Druid-cell  
With Crown-ward, Lady Gwenydele ! ”

To Cathal's brow there flushed a flood  
Of proud denial, and his blood  
Outflamed in speech :—“ Flat I deny  
This treason-charge, and proof defy  
Thereof, Sir Marshal : and the why  
It is preferred, and who hath laid  
This net, my wit and falchion-blade  
Shall pierce, and set mine honour free,  
And Gwenydele's. more dear to me.”

But cool and bluff, the Marshal said,—  
“Your hand will never hold your head,  
Still less the accusers’ life undo,  
If treason-proof be found in you.”  
He hands each alderman the toll  
Of prisoners charged to his control,  
And custody himself doth take  
Of Cathal ; and their march they make,  
In sections, up the narrow sweep ;  
And bend to scale the causeway steep.

Asunder broke the cavalcade,—  
They to their billet wards parade.  
Then might they see the wattled wall,  
And pointed roof, and lattice small,  
That marked Eblana’s narrow streets ;  
’Mid booths of wares hear cry that greets  
The motley groups of passers by,  
Who jests exchange, and barter ply.  
The mountain kerne, with restless eye,  
Looks strangely on the townsman’s ways  
And wares, and proud in scorn surveys  
His patient thrift to gather wealth  
At cost of care, of ease, of health.  
Thou slave to Gain !—Thy servile trade  
To helot grovelling must degrade,  
Thinks he ; and name of slave deserves  
The wight who huxtering buyers serves.  
He thinks, how nimbly could be swept  
The townsman’s goods by mountain-sept :—

When moon be-silvers slumbering town,  
 The kernes could sweep the mountain down,  
 While warders watch—in land of dreams ;  
 Awake, afoot, in the mellow beams,  
 The kernes could glide by sward and streams  
 And sweep from town to mountain-shade  
 A twelvemonth's toll of townsman's trade.  
 And who would twelvemonth toil and thrift,  
 For what one moonlight raid could lift !—

The citizen, who little dares  
 Beyond the circuit of his wares,  
 Whose mind is given to merchant spoils,  
 To 'prentice broils, and parish toils,  
 And news of daily town-concerns,—  
 In mood contemptuous views the kernes,  
 As braggarts, void of craftsmans' gift,  
 As wholesale thieves of others' thrift.  
 Nor law, nor made by God or man,  
 Would rein the endless-cousin clan  
 From scouring town, or cantred wide,  
 Of wealth that years of sweat supplied.  
 Perdition-doomed !—the softest name  
 For thievish kernes his tongue can frame.  
 He beats by drum, as evening falls,  
 The Teagues from out his City walls ! <sup>57</sup>

There might they see, full grave and great,  
 The Castle officer of State,  
 Before whose lordship henchmen pace,  
 And shout,—“Ye knaves, give nobles place !”  
 The Jakkman-soldier, brusque in mode,  
 Disperses those who block the road,

And strikes with scabbard in his wroth  
The Teague who mouths disloyal oath.  
The Cleric, next, with serious face,  
Walks seemly slow, a reverend pace.  
This goodly sample of his cloth  
Shows haste is hurtful ; patience, sloth  
Is not. See, from him beg the slut,  
And hopeless, sloven sot, who strut  
Behind and whine. "An alms us give."  
An alms, a blessing they receive.  
The Chirurgeon see, with breathless bustle,  
Impeders off his pathway hustle,  
When naught perchance hangs on his hurry.  
Yet, thinks the crowd, the Chirurgeon's scurry.  
Is honest speed to save a life,  
Or two,—if chance a child-bed wife.  
The people smile as they descry  
The thought-plagued Lawyer, wig awry,  
Scratched thus as he his wits doth puzzle  
How learned brother's side to muzzle.  
Comes Jesuit, dight in soldier's guise,  
All furtive vigil 'gainst surprise  
What be his mission, who can tell ?—  
It may be ill, it may be well.  
From "Tib-and-Tom," on Hoggin's-Green,  
Rush school boys, victory-flushed, and keen  
In converse critical to name  
The best exploiter in the game.  
Eblana ! Such thy streets were seen,  
When reigned Britannia's Virgin-Queen.



## CANTO SIXTH.

Hail Dublin !—twin-cathedrall'd city, known  
 Ere Gideon's sword struck free Jehovah's Own. <sup>58</sup>  
 Distinguished town ! for legend, law, and lore,  
 When learned Ptolemy descried thy shore : <sup>59</sup>  
 Of these cathedral twins, for laud, my Muse,  
 Of no invidious favour, one doth choose.  
 Irreverend thought ! to think Saint Patrick's soul,  
 In sainted rest, would envy worded dole,  
 In honour sung, to fame and historie  
 Of Christ Church of the Blessed Trinitie : <sup>60</sup>  
 No ! he, like Paul, for Christ would be accursed  
 And cry,—“ Not me but Christ my God be first !”

## DESCRIPTION

### TO CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

Hail honoured pile, historic fane,—  
 Dole-tribute of the ruthless Dane, <sup>61</sup>  
 Built, while a qualm of conscience quelled  
 The fiery soul of him who held  
 By sword the city won by crime—  
 Eblana of the olden time.  
 Built in an age when civil broil  
 Was valour deemed, and noblest toil ;  
 When strife-torn tribes, and loose-held lands,  
 Grown weak and waste by war and sloth,  
 Allured adventurous Norman bands  
 To curb by law and tenure both,

The war of soil, and tribal fued ;  
When private clash, and customs rude,  
And ill-respect for nature, laws,  
Long barred the Island's common cause.  
Built, that the sceptre of the Prince  
Of Peace might rule men, and convince  
Them strife and blood are 'neath His ban,  
Who preached the brotherhood of man.

When undefiled from Calvary's mount,  
The Life-well overflowed its Fount,  
And freshened, as it flowed, with grace  
The sin-patched lands of Adam's race,—  
E'en then for prayer and praise to Christ,  
Within thy crypt His saints kept tryst,  
Ere sainted Succoth turned to God, <sup>62</sup>  
The land in youth a slave he trod.  
Oh dimmed thy shrine in later time,  
When Folly draped the Truth sublime,  
And men, by sacerdotal craft,  
Professed the soul to shrive, and waft  
To bliss or bale :—when Holy Creed  
Subserved to love of power and greed,  
And dying knight, or burgh, was made,  
From spoils of war or tolls of trade,  
Enrich a fane with fee or farm,  
To fend off Heaven's avenging arm.  
Thus gear for guilt, they fondly thought,  
The soul's eternal surety wrought.

Stoned-coffined in thine aisles repose,  
The fore-rank of the tribes who rose  
High in their generations' day  
To combat, council, teach, and sway ;  
The Dubh-Ghall Dane, the Fin-Ghall Norse, <sup>68</sup>  
The Norman, Celt, the Saxon corse,  
Or be their souls unblest or blest,  
Their dust commingles here in rest  
Of death, who restless were in life  
For conquest, for their joy was strife.  
The prelate in his robes arrayed,  
With the crusader-warrior laid ;  
The saint who lived on earth for heaven,  
And wight whose ways to ill were given ;  
The statesman deep, and legal sages,  
Those toils engrail our history's pages ;  
The landed lord, and dowered dame,  
And monied cit,—all here but claim,  
For all their pomp, their wealth, their graces,  
The clod of clay each corse displaces.  
All wait, alike, and fateful call  
To Judgment-tide ;—they, nude of all  
This world holds sweet, must bear that Day  
The errless test of Christ's assay.

This twin-cathedral city known  
To Great Eliza's day is flown ;  
Save Castle, College, Minster-fanes,  
Scarce relic of her time remains.

The Castle's bit-and-bridle rule  
Kept tight in check Rebellion's mule,  
And stemmed, by wiles', or weapons' force  
Rebellion's rough, erratic course,—  
The College,—where All Hallow's School <sup>64</sup>  
Erst owned the Augustinian Rule,—  
Elizabeth, for love of lore,  
Relumed its lifeless lamp once more,  
And Trinity by charter-deed  
All Hallow's School doth supersede.—  
(Improverished school of ancient mark,  
Where learning vanished into dark !)  
Which, like some treasure-casket rare,  
Stripped of its former jewels bare,  
Now through the deep surrounding dark  
Glances with rarer gems, whose spark  
Struck from Eliza's jewelled crown  
Shine brighter all the ages down.—  
Her Minster-fanes,—The Truth of old  
Saint Patrick held, their priests still hold ;  
And primitively pure and true  
They preach the Faith Saint Patrick knew :  
Through him their priesthood can be proved  
From that Disciple Jesus loved.<sup>65</sup>

The twin-cathedral city known  
So Great Eliza's day is flown ;  
'Tis well !—for then it claimed a " Hell." <sup>66</sup>  
Where Satan, fictioned annals tell,

Had regal, if not legal throne,  
And ruled the legal "Devil's own,"  
Within the Courts of Law, for then  
The Courts were held to be his den.  
Litigious wits the night before  
Their case was tried, would drink this toast,  
"Though we must stand midst 'Hell's' uproar  
To-morrow, may we 'escape a roast!"  
The city claimed another terror,  
And penal, for her sons of error.  
Yeaped it was—"The Sable Dog."<sup>67</sup>  
A gaol more foul than sty of hog  
The "Dog" so scared the Dublin cit  
That he the Law Courts' roasting spit  
Would rather bear, as penance light  
Than kennel with the "Dog" one night.

The Bermingham Tower in Castle yard  
Had round it set a double guard,  
That surer watch may be secured  
On captives by the State immured.  
A captive in one dismal cell  
Lay Cathal ;—that, no trysting dell  
In Druids' grove, all foliage-tented,  
Like that with Gwenydele frequented :—  
Unless fair dreams repeat the train  
Of yester's happy scenes again.  
He fast in slumber would forget,  
Indignant chafe and inward fret.  
So fast he sleeps, he hears not door  
Unbarred, nor gaoler's foot on floor,

Nor gaoler's call attracts his ear,—  
"Arise! my Lord of Howth is here."

"Wake, Cathal, wake, thou slumberest deep,—  
Methinks thou sleepest 'Murchard's sleep,'<sup>68</sup>  
The Royal clocks from every tower<sup>69</sup>  
Have tongued the City's waking hour,"  
Said Howth; and shook him from his couch.

## CATHAL.

My slumbers short were deep, I vouch,  
But vivid dreams so wake-like were  
That sleep was no escape from Care:  
The flesh may trance—but unconfined  
Will think the spirit's conscious mind.  
But you!—Fair morn to you, my Lord;  
And welcome such as gaols afford:  
Art come to free me, or me tell  
By what foul play I keep this cell?

## HOWTH.

To free thee?—No! But, I can say  
Why thou in duress art to-day:  
Thy treason, be it to thee known,  
Is tampering with a Ward of Crown.  
My indignation, judge! and shame,  
When at the Council-board thy name  
Was read—'*A covert traitor base;*'  
And I was flouted to the face  
For harbouring and abetting thee,  
In tempting Crown-Ward secretly,

And plying Bingham's bride with love,  
 On my estate, in Druid's-grove.  
 Doth it thy noble blood behave  
 To taint thy good friend's loyalty,  
 And thwart the right of royalty ?  
 To filch a veteran warrior's prize ;  
 And mask such treachery from mine eyes,  
 In precincts of my loyal coast :—  
 Are those the dues of guest to host ?  
 Oh ! Cathal, ask not, wherefore ? why ?  
 When justly, you in duress lie.

## CATHAL.

Upbraid me not, I do admit  
 Thy speech with truth looks neatly knit :  
 My conduct seems to ill reward  
 The instinct kindness of thy board,  
 But only seems ; as thou shalt know  
 When pleas before the Council show  
 Me guiltless, when arraigned and face  
 To face with that informer base—  
 That Ulick Rhu,—through whom arose  
 This treason-charge,—as I suppose,—  
 Then shall the knave abide the brunt  
 Of vengeance for his high affront.  
 Thou'lt see my Lord of Howth.

## HOWTH.

What plea

Can mend thy case is dark to me ;  
 How thou canst make the false look true  
 To Sidney's mind, if clear to you

Is dark to me ;—this Ulick Rhu  
Runs neck-and-neck in leash with you  
Upon the charge-sheet : other count,  
'Twill tax his witract to surmount,  
Is laid against this touchy Celt,  
For brawling, and for blow he dealt  
De Vorden, for a debonair  
Jest uttered in the Castle-Square.  
Then came the Marshal, with his guard,  
Arrests for treason him, and marred  
As stout a fight as ere was fought,—  
That blow with serious cost is fraught ;  
For high offence are party brawls,  
Assigned, within the Castle walls.

## CATHAL.

Upon the march, I much ado  
De Vorden had, and Ulick Rhu—  
Irreconcilable as foes—  
To keep from gibes, retorts, and blows :  
I Ulick gave you, when in twain,  
At Ballybough, we split our train :—  
Now who, save Ulick Rhu could tell  
Of my love-tryst with Gwentydele ?

## HOWTH.

Whoe'er, Sir Cathal, made these charges—  
A private letter much enlarges  
Upon thy secret wooing.—Hark !  
What songster warbles sweet as lark ?



## SONG.

Fling out o' casement carking Care,  
Fillip grief to the sighing breeze ;  
Let in the heavens' hilarious air  
Of hope, till joyful laughter freca  
The tear-ducts of their sorrow pearls :  
As sing the mavis and merles  
All mirthful strains when they descry,  
Through rainbow bars bright Phoebus' eye :  
As smile through limpid, pearly drops  
Imprisoned buds, in wood and copse,  
And ope their blossoms full and free,  
That they may breathe sweet Liberty :—  
So may we all like Nature spring—  
To-day in freedom's flight awing.

## CATHAL.

Amen, say I. ——— 'Tis Halpin sings,  
Thy Warder-jester, still who clings,  
From habit, to the hand of Hope,  
To crutch his courage on. No mope  
Is Halpin ; nor can cell confine  
And make his merry muse to pine.  
Last night, like bird, he oped his bill,  
And piped loud vespers through the grille ;  
His jests in laughter kept the Yard,  
In chorus ;—prisoners laughed, and Guard ;  
And e'en my grief made less intense.  
Poor Halpin,—caged for my offence !

## HOWTH.

To Halpin and his trifling—truce.  
Will mirth for treason make excuse ?  
I hither came to search how true  
Or false the charge they lay to you ;  
And, if perfidious be their case,  
Then how by tact, and special grace  
Of Council, I could work thee through  
This stress ; but, since thou dost eschew  
My aid, farewell, my office ends :—  
I'll speed thy foes ! Well fare thy friends !

In solitude his mental vein  
To introspection runs again.—  
“Oh, this mysterious world !—On some  
In myriad troops do troubles come :  
Some, unassaulted, march life through,  
Or skirmish light with troubles few :  
Malice, misprision fan the war  
Of woes ; and every fatal star  
Shoots forth malignant sparks 'gainst him  
On whom the Destinies frown grim.”

While thus he mused, the Castle bell  
With lazy boom, and lingering knell,  
Rang out in long, repeated rounds ;  
Whose rhythmic timbre 'tween the sounds  
Kept musically voiced the air.  
Then, rattling tap of drum in Square  
And bugle shrill the muster called :—  
“Turn out !—guard out !”—the sergeant bawled ;

And hurrying feet, and voices loud,  
And clamour of increasing crowd,  
And stern command to soldiers rude,  
To backward beat the multitude,  
Who may but Castle ground frequent  
When held unwonted State-event.

From out his casement, iron-grilled,  
Did Cathal view to order drilled  
The medley multitude below.  
Below, on either side, a row  
Of jakkmen kept the crowd confined,  
And held the roadway triple-lined :  
Such ordered measures tell that way  
Comes pageant of the State to-day.  
Afar, resounds the roll of drum ;  
Anear, the people shout, " They come ! "  
And soon, mid plaudits, round on round,  
That mingle with the trumpets' sound,  
The pageant enters Castle ground.

Two trumpeters in Royal red,  
With flourish loud, the pageant led ;  
Full armoured came, straight limbed and hard,  
Twelve stalwart Yeomen of the Guard ;  
Behind, in Royal Arms bedight  
Strode Ulster's whilom Herald-Knight.  
Whose scutcheoned pursuivants by name  
Her Grace's Deputy proclaim :  
In flowing robes, with solemn pace,  
Stalk bearers of the Sword and Mace ;

The lordly Mayor and Aldermen,  
And City Council follow then :  
The crowd, a civic burst of praise,  
In transports warm, and welcome, raise ;  
But, when they view Lord Sidney's form,  
Their rising raptures burst to storm :—  
"Long live our Deputy !—our Queen !" 70  
They cry when honoured Sidney's seen :  
The cheers along the loyal files,  
He greets with gracious bows and smiles :  
A stately steed Lord Sidney rode,  
Whose gold-fringed, purple housings flowed  
A-nigh the ground ; at bridle-chide  
It tossed its head, and neighed in pride,  
And pranced to blare of minstrelsy  
That led a gallant infantry,  
Whose thousand one-timed steps create  
A single tramping, thud of weight,  
Of measured feet in martial tread  
Of English veterans Sidney led.  
Fain would your minstrel lingering stay,  
And further mark yon pageant gay,  
But he to Council-board must wend,  
And spy how Cathal's fortunes trend.

The Privy-Councillors are met,—  
Within the Hall for "*sitting set*,"  
And o'er the charges hold debate  
Awhile they Sidney's entrance wait.  
Nor long they wait, for heralds two  
Arrayed in broidered surcoats blue,—

Where England's Crown crests Erin's harp,—  
Announce by clarions' flourish sharp  
"The Viceroy enters to preside."  
The Council rise, and so abide,  
With heads inclined towards the throne ;  
And by this staid obeisance own  
A fealty to the Monarch's Right,  
And homage due to England's might :  
And till the sovereign's Delegate  
Hath filled the regal Chair of State,  
The Council stands obeisance bent  
Nor sit till sits the President.

He was a man to helm affairs  
For public weal ; who many shares  
Held in the greatness of his time,  
When greatness reached the true sublime.  
Ideals, he, of freedom dreamed  
Far foreign to his day, and deemed  
Indigenous to ours, which now  
Encrown Columba's living brow,—  
His forehead,—scored with thought, was high ;  
A grey, deep, penetrating eye,  
Where sage experience lurked,—betrayed  
Him undeceived by those surveyed :  
Of stature middle, spare of build,  
Of stately port, and equal skilled  
In statesmancraft, and toils of war ;  
And yet, domestic quiet, far,  
He prized above the flare of fame,  
And Courts, and popular acclaim.

And, merciful where Justice blamed,  
Yet just where Mercy justice claimed,  
He, e'en from Irishry untamed,  
Obedience wooed by arts of peace,  
Or, forced by sword their strife to cease.  
Such Sidney !—sire of one more rare,  
To more than all his genius heir.

“To prove the charge deponed on oath  
'Gainst Granuaile, my Lord of Howth  
Appears ; and here is Granuaile,  
The charge preferred to countervail,”  
The Usher of the Council cried.  
They enter, and on either side  
The table, face to face, they stand.  
Then spake Lord Sidney,—“ I demand  
All statements made must plead their proof,  
No point of moment held aloof.  
I love not dalliance of delay,  
And therefore try this cause to-day.  
Now whet your wits with truth, to cut  
Clean out the treason-canker shut  
Up in the body of this question ;  
Nor wander wide of this suggestion.  
What proof, Lord Howth, of close intrigue  
'Twixt Granuaile, and Spanish League,  
And Irish chieftains, can you find  
To satisfy this Council's mind  
The indictment true ?—”

## GRANUAILE :

HOWTH.

Two agents here,  
Straight from the Queen, pray bid appear,  
My Lord, and swear.

SIDNEY.

Then call these men,—  
Sir, agents, tell me why, and when  
You hither come ?

AGENTS.

The why, My Lord,  
Our Royal letter doth record :  
Our brief, my Lord of Burleigh made,  
To be before your Council laid.  
Hispano-Irish secret pact  
We, here, have come to counteract :  
And as to when we came away,  
'Twas on the night ensued the day  
These Teagues left Court. We weather-bore  
The storm that drove their barque ashore ;  
And, landing safe, at Howth, abode  
In covert close ; and laid our quest  
Before Howth's lord, that he might wrest  
The Queen's Ward from this Granuaile,  
And cause her treason plot to fail.

SIDNEY.

Come, Granuaile, canst thou with reason  
Confute by facts this charge of treason ?  
Dost say 'tis true, or dost deny ?

GRANUAILE.

True ?—True as devils' truest lie !

SIDNEY.

What lawful evidence urge you  
To clear yourself?

GRANUAILE.

Call Ulick Rhu.

SIDNEY.

Thou, Ulick Rhu, canst thou o'erthrow  
The charges these Queen's agents shew  
Against thy Chief—

ULICK RHU.

Queen's agents they?  
Trespassers on the Queen's highway!  
See, how they start! the twitch of guilt  
Unnerves them; see the blood doth silt  
Up to their brows,—the brand of lies  
There burns! See, witness Conscience rise  
To contradict upon their cheeks  
The lie that either of them speaks.  
Their consciences are knaves within  
Which cheat them of their very sin.  
Dost know me now, swashbuckling crew?—  
When at "The Mermaid" essayed you!  
Enchantment of that sirens' wine  
Drawn from her cave, her purple brine  
To salt my wits?—nay, rather drown!  
So ye might learn from London-Town  
What road I took. Do ye forget,  
To trap the Teagues, what snares ye set?



The friendship feigned, when ye did call  
Us, 'Merry fellows, well met all?'—  
Right sorry fellows now :—ill meet  
We here.

SIDNEY.

Come calm thy passion's heat :  
You riddles speak ; come ! give thy speech  
Such patent meaning as may reach  
Our understanding. If these men  
Be not the Queen's, whose be they then ?

ULICK RHU.

They are Lord Leicester's hounds of hell,  
Sent here to kidnap Gwenydele :  
Your beauty hunters travel far  
For prey ; and so, no grievous bar  
Is distance to a love-lord's hunt,  
If others' courage bear the brunt  
Of danger for him in the chase.

SIDNEY.

This is external to the case :  
Lord Leicester, in my presence, spare ;  
Of his nobility speak fair,  
And peace to scandal's prate : how came  
You on this wise to smirch his name ?

ULICK RHU.

Howth's Castle-warder, he can say,  
These tricksters huxtered yesterday  
With him to sell his honour's troth,  
And aid their theft from Castle Howth  
Of Gwenydele ; but Halpin caught  
The knaves within the mesh they wrought.

HOWTH.

I warrant that my warder's word  
Warped not a jot. What things occurred  
Let Halpin tell. But keep to prose :  
Fire not his fancy, lest the gloze  
Thereof may so becloud his mind  
'Twould make his witness undefined.

SIDNEY.

This dreamer in false Fancy's realm  
Is scarce fit witness to o'erwhelm  
A desperate plot : but, Halpin call.  
Speak, warder, did these men at all  
Declare them agents of the Queen ?

HALPIN.

If I the truth from rumour glean,  
More likely agents of the King  
To be :—what have I said to bring  
On me thy disapproving frown  
Lord Deputy ? The talk of town  
I but rehearse.

SIDNEY.

The question asked  
To answer let thy wits be tasked :  
Tell what they said :—play not the mime,  
Nor jest you here ; nor waste the time  
Of this our Council. Speak you then  
To prove, or, to disprove, these men  
The agents of her Grace. Not here,  
Need timid tongue, and faltering fear  
Rein in the truth.

## HALPIN.

My Lord, I crave  
Thy pardon ; and shall speak more grave.  
The common *bruit* is brutish talk  
In gentle company. Like hawk  
On herne, so straight shall I descend,  
And fly your charge to apprehend.  
These men did to my Keep resort,  
And said 'We agents be from Court,  
With charter from the Queen supreme,  
To rescue Gwenydele from scheme  
Of Granuaile, and Neill the Chief,  
To wive her to some sword-law thief.  
Like birds a-wing, we London left  
And here alight, to stay the theft.'  
Two others, next, they point me out  
Declaring each Lord Leicester's scout :—  
'Our Lord shall soon be King,' they said,  
These scouts can swear you every shred  
Of that we state is true. Your Lord  
Of Howth could from the Council-board,  
At Dublin Castle, rule obtain  
That Gwenydele embark again,  
For Court ; but fain we would not wait,  
For tedious are the forms of State :  
So we, with Gwenydele this night  
Will by your aid, begin our flight.  
An' you with us to England fly,  
We promise you preferment high,  
In good Lord Leicester's livery.'  
To this, my Lord, apparently

I lent my will, and said to them,  
My present master doth contemn  
At all times me with ridicule :  
Dame Wisdom teaches e'en a fool  
To fly from such. Oft did I glance  
To that good day, escape might chance :  
The day, and chance, I must not slip,—  
To-night with you will I take ship.  
'Luck,' quoth they, 'gold, honour, place,  
The coming King's most sovereign grace,  
And all your will's desire, await  
You, lucky friend, and trusty mate,  
With wondering ears we heard thy Lord,  
In gibe, and jeer, and angry word,  
Rasp with the rough end of his tongue  
Thy gentle self. Oh ! to be stung  
By gibing master, is to serve  
A man from whom the heart will swerve.  
Take service, where thy parts will shine ;  
Take service, fat thy purse we'll line ;  
And let our master, too, be thine.  
No longer slave it.'

HOWTH.

Hold, pert tongue !

Thou jesting viper, thou hast stung  
Me 'neath the targe of their abuse,  
Their insolence is but thy ruse  
To spue thy venom to my face.

SIDNEY.

My Lord, hold tender, ample grace

Thy warder grant : the witness all  
Must tell, whoso the tale may gall.  
Why, warder, didst thou not betimes  
Inform thy Lord of these dark crimes ?

## HALPIN.

Had I unmasked those traitor's play,  
My soul,—my flesh had fled away,—  
Had been dismissed by dagger-blows.  
Their secret, with my death, would doze  
For you : I lief would keep my breath,  
And, liefer, do their plot to death :  
So I, the nonce, kept mutely deep.  
Then parted we. I marked them creep  
To lair beneath Balscadden Rocks ;  
There crouched they, like the furtive fox,  
Expecting me with eve, they stayed ;  
For fairer Eve,—a lovely maid,—  
I then should bring them to the shore ;  
And sails all set, the ocean floor  
Their barque should skim to England o'er :  
For England, ho ! for Leicester's Halls !  
Where honour's constellation falls  
In golden showers upon his thralls.  
But straightway I to Druid's cell  
Did wend, where Cathal loves to dwell,  
But, found my lady Gwenydele ;  
To whom their practice I laid bare,  
'Hie,'—quothe she, trembling, 'hie, nor spare  
One moment till thou Cathal see,  
And tell him of this treachery.'

SIDNEY.

Enough !—expounds the next charge sheet  
That three of you did secret meet  
Within the shade of Druids' cell,  
Conspiring to seize Gwenydele,  
The Sovereign's Ward, and her bestow  
Upon one Cathal. Halpin, know,  
This treason-felony we condemn,  
Lies foul against yourself, with them.  
Remove these sham Queen's agents hence :  
Anon we'll judge of their offence.  
For, now, doth Wisdom first demand  
The graver case be ta'en in hand.

Whileas the traitors Halpin passed,  
They tragic-eyes upon him cast,  
And in united whispers urge,—  
“For this day's work you'll sing a dirge!”

HALPIN.

Ha ! think you threats of vengeance here  
Shall make Lord Deputy to fear,  
And duty shirk ? as lieve as me  
Lose heart of hope, and loyalty !—  
Your lady-hunting master's game  
Shall to the Queen, to work his blame :  
Right royal game ! when Lord is seen  
To turn a knave, to cheat his Queen !

As, strict in ward, the knaves pass out,  
The guard admits a breathless scout,

Upon whose look sits Horror's scare,  
 Who shouts, with half-demented air :—  
 "My Lords of Council, Howth is sacked,  
 And burned, and pillaged, by the act  
 Of two ships' crews of Granuaile,  
 That hours ago touched Howth. When tale  
 They heard of her in prison here,  
 They wrought wild work, and ruin sheer  
 On all ; and, worse than all they caught  
 The lordling-heir, and swore, if aught  
 To Granuaile befel, to fling  
 Him to the fish. 'News,' said they 'bring  
 Of her release, then, back shall he  
 Be sent.' This said, they sailed to sea."

"High Heaven be praised !"—cried Granuaile,  
 "My gallant ships outrode the gale."

"O heavy news !"—said Howth, "my lands  
 Destroyed !—my son in pirate hands !"

## GRANUAILE.

My Lord of Howth, thy grief be done !—  
 Restored to thee shall be thy son.  
 Turn not to weep :—hadst thou received  
 Me honoured guest, and not believed  
 Those Leicester knaves, thy punishment,  
 At Howth, thou wouldst not now lament,  
 That guest in future be not spurned,  
 This grant (or ere thy son's returned :)  
*At midday open be thy gate ;*  
*At board, be ready seat, and plate,*

*And viands fair, for famished guest,  
Who may arrive at Howth distressed.  
This boon allow, and thy fair son—  
A dearer boon!—by thee be won.*

HOWTH.

My infant heir in my possession,  
This pledge I charge on my Succession :—

*This curse as heirloom I entail  
On all my line till issue fail,—  
May last be he of Tristram's race  
Who first shuts gate in stranger's face.*

SIDNEY.

'Tis well agreed, and fits with right.  
Sir Usher! Call thy youthful Knight  
Before us, him Sir Cathal hight  
Upon the Charge-sheet. Who this man  
May be, that dares by love trepan,  
And draw a Crown—affianced Ward  
From fealty to her plighted lord,  
I wot not :—Who this man that dares,  
By love-spun, flattery-woven snares,  
Beguile a lady from obedience  
Unto her Grace, and due allegiance.  
Who is this Cathal?

HOWTH.

One who came  
Credentialled by Lord Leicester's name  
To me. He said : 'I'm sick of Court,  
And long for joys of field and sport :



Your Irish land, methought, yields wealth  
 Of sport, and treasure-trove of health.'  
 He is in courtly speech refined,  
 Though lion-brave, of pensive mind ;  
 Romantic, somewhat, yet profound  
 In scholar's lore ; and seeming sound  
 In loyalty. He courts a Muse  
 Whom, like a hero-queen, he sues :—  
 Small marvel, potency of wile  
 Hath he, to win a lady's smile.  
 He more admires my warder's wit  
 And ballads rare, than loves to sit  
 And wassail at my festive board.

SIDNEY.

Your words astound ! no light afford !  
 No Knight named Cathal dwelt at Court ;  
 I sure had known him by report,  
 Or else, had seen him with my son,  
 Who, daily had my house o'er-run  
 With mad romantic, rhyming wits,  
 Who shower the land with novel writs :  
 Some counterfeit pretender's here !—  
 Bring forth this man.—Mine eyes me blear !  
 What !—Philip ?—my own son !

CATHAL.

Yes, sire,

Thy son !

SIDNEY.

The Queen's declared desire  
 Was thou to Flanders shouldst retire,  
 Till one year's cycle rolled its round !

## CATHAL.

'Twas my sweet will to Irish ground  
Prefer, where thou hadst triumphs won,  
To Flanders flats, and skies of dun.  
At home, thy tales so marvellous strange,  
Of ollamhs, bards, and chiefs, that range  
The Irish land ; where elves abound,  
And leprechauns frequent the mound :—  
Of rivers vast, and lakes that sit  
On mountain tops, of bays that slit  
The rampant shores, and thousand isles  
That fringe the Western coast for miles :—  
All bred desire, in me, to see,  
The land that yielded fame to thee ;—  
This land exalted by thy hand  
To honour, as by wizard's wand.

## SIDNEY.

My Philip, hold !——oh ! wherefore wilt  
Thou 'gainst the Crown thy humour tilt ?  
The Queen to Flanders ordered thee,  
And thou art here flat contrary  
To her command, and thou hast tried  
To snare a Crown-ward for thy bride.  
What lapse of conscience' guiding skill  
Did swerve thee from the Royal will,  
And give my heart, so full of thee  
And hope, to grief and misery ?—  
To save the honour of the Crown,  
Must Sidney's heir and hope go down ?

Thine act, if duty be not lax  
In me, condemns to block and axe  
For treason, thee, my darling heir !  
To think that one endowed so rare  
As thou with heavenly gifts of mind,  
In treason-felony could find  
A relish !—thou, the very ace  
Of chivalry, and sovran grace !

CATHAL.

Thy duty, sire, to Queen fulfil ;  
Let not affection duty chill  
If I be guilty : but, mine act  
A threefold duty kept intact ;  
It spares our kinsman Leicester's name ;  
A maiden saves from dole and shame,  
And shields the Crown's imperate claim :—  
If this be treason, what is loyal ?

SIDNEY.

Not, my son, to thwart the Royal  
Will, and give a maiden scarce nineteen  
The gage of duty owed your Queen.  
There, your affection duty killed,  
And felon-Love thy conscience nilled,  
I could have gaged thy fealty's troth,  
Upon my high Vice-Regal oath.

CATHAL.

So mightest thou, had I but known  
That Gwenydele was not her own,

But Ward of Crown : but, thus unskilled,  
I acted as my conscience willed,  
Which should be king of every queen,  
Enthroned be she, or maiden meau.  
By conquering Love the lady's mine !—  
And conquest rights are held Divine :  
To aught Divine must monarchs bow,  
Or be unduteous to the vow  
They take to serve the King of kings.

SIDNEY.

'Tis tyrant Love, my son, that brings  
Thee into royal disobedience,  
And urges thee to break allegiance,  
Where law and liking disagree.  
She must be Bingham's bride, and he  
Deserves the Royal gift, that she  
Should be his trophy fairly won,  
For puissant deeds for England done :—  
And his Crown-claim I must avow,  
And thy love-plea I disallow.  
In these unjointed times take heed  
What anarchies thy theories breed !  
In State-play be advised of me,  
Thou champion crude of Liberty !—  
How now, Sir Usher, wherefore pounce  
So brusque in presence, sans announce ?  
What tidings ill must now we learn ?

USHER.

My Lord, a strange, stark, Western, kerne  
This packet gave, in wild concern,

To me. He, breathless, tried to speak,  
 But, in the effort, fainted weak,  
 And speechless lies at door of death.

SIDNEY.

Forth, for the leech !—this kerne his breath  
 May outlive speech.—May honest love  
 Of duty slay not those who prove  
 Their zeal by speed !—This packet weighs  
 With sorrow-laden words, and praise  
 Of my old shoulder-twin in arms,  
 Lord Bingham. He, it tells, while routing  
 The rebels in the Western Outing,  
 Of mortal wounds deceased ; the story  
 Of life he rounded off in glory.  
 Most generous in his life !—and, yet,  
 More generous when his death he met,—  
 His death, my Philip, saves thy life,  
 And yields thee Gwenydele to wife,  
 And stills within thy father's breast  
 The feud 'twixt faith and love to rest ;  
 For, failing aught, the Queen commands,  
 Bestowal falls into my hands  
 Of her fair hand whose heart thou hast :—  
 Away to her, and speed ye fast  
 The marriage tide !—And next, I read  
 Upon the charge-sheet doth succeed  
 De Vorden's fract\_ with Ulick Rhu.

HOWTH.

He, Captain, is of Jakkmen true !—

Whose valiancy in Irish stirs  
Had ten times won him knighthood's spurs.

SIDNEY.

De Vorden ! Ulick ! make you friends ;  
Forgive the past, its dire offends.

ULICK RHU.

At distance friends, my Lord, but not  
Within sword measure, or in shot  
Of crossbow, or in push of pike,—  
Friends be we where we cannot strike !

SIDNEY.

Ho ! calmly there, thou fiery brand,  
And not so fiercely-visaged stand  
Before the Council. What thy wrong ?

ULICK RHU.

De Vorden's scoffs in speech and song,  
And threats along the road from Howth,  
To ceaseless feud have vowed us both.

SIDNEY.

Have idle taunts such hatred bred  
That blood between you must be shed ?—  
Be reconciled nor force me place  
Between you two the jail's cool space.

ULICK RHU.

Our quarrel is of long ago ;  
And death of either one the bone  
Of our contention ; and, my Lords,  
I'll fight no more this feud with words.

SIDNEY.

Thy threats do but thy guilt increase,—  
The Charge declares you broke the peace.

ULICK RHU.

Yes!—when De Vorden vowed o'er Leix  
To stalk the moors, and stay the prowl  
Of wolfish Rory Ogue, whose howl  
He swore 'to hush'; and swore amain,  
In Castleyard, like oath again :  
But, wherefore need he stalk the moors  
Of Leix for one within your doors?—  
Your Honour's Worship,—here behold  
This Rory, Chief of Leix's Wold !

DE VORDEN.

Wolf of the Wold ! thou art my prize.  
In Castle-Howth I pierced thy guise :  
Stare not, my Lords, for I am now  
Prepared to vindicate my vow  
Upon this fire-brand of the Gael,  
And reaver of the English Pale.  
My Lords, to fight allow us both,—  
I'll break his head, or break my oath.

ULICK RHU.

Sharp oaths, and boastings, shear no head  
From shoulder blades, thy vauntings dread,  
Breed never ague fear in me :—  
Oh ! grant the fight, Lord Deputy !

SIDNEY.

To duel combat I assent,<sup>71</sup>  
As we for such have precedent ;  
A precedent we find no later  
Than case of *David versus Cater*,  
About seven-score of years ago,  
Enough to justify us now—  
Call out the Municipal Guard,  
And halberdiers to line the Yard,  
And we ourselves shall there preside,  
To see this combat fairly tried.  
Your weapons, foemen, now decide.

DE VORDEN.

The sword, my Lord, the sword I choose.

ULICK RHU.

The Irish battle-axe I use.

---

### The Combat.

Within the Upper Castleyard  
In circle formed a three-deep guard,  
Whose ranks enwall the battle-ground  
And bid the crowd aback keep bound.  
Cool, sunless, was the evening when  
In mortal combat met these men ;  
And seemed the wind beneath its breath,  
So faintly chill, to whisper death.  
Grey, dismal clouds, the brow of heaven  
Enwrinkled o'er, as if were given



The mind of Heaven to grieved concern  
That men its peaceful counsels spurn.  
Slow-trooping clouds came darkening down,  
And focussed in their shadow-frown  
The eager foes ; who each a look  
Gave each, that only hate could brook.  
From westward skies the lightning-glance  
Of anger, searched the wide expanse ;  
And muttered thunders deep announced  
This strife of man hath God denounced.  
Instinctively the crowd around  
Felt Nature's mood God's mind expound ;  
And silent awe their look expressed  
As Ulick and De Vorden test  
Their weapons, for the final strife  
Of dealing death, or fending life.

The Palesman back and forward bent  
His broad-sword blade, and underwent  
It other proof of mettle, till  
He knew its strength would match his skill :  
Meanwhile the Celt doth cunning tax,  
And test, his Irish battle-axe,  
And sways it high aloft, awhile,  
To gauge his grasp, its swing, and swirl :  
Next strikes the ground with head and haft,  
To hear if flawless sounds its shaft ;  
Then loops its thong around his wrist,  
And tighter winds it twist by twist.

Each satisfied his weapon good,  
They front to front, defiant stood,  
The Palesman solid, tall, and thick,  
The Celtman, supple, spare, and quick.  
“Heed well thy foot—thy ‘*Jakkman’s Boot*,’—  
For an it slip thy life I loot,”  
Sneered Ulick Rhu. De Vorden’s shout  
Retorts derisive flout for flout,  
“Heed thou thy head! An it I strike,  
’Twill change its neck for the Castle-spike.”

Scarce ends De Vorden’s gibing word,  
When loud clashed meeting axe and sword;  
Clear rang from blow on blow that fell  
The shivering sounds, as rung from bell.  
The axe was swung so swiftly deft,  
No sword-cut hacked its hazel heft,  
And kept in fence and fend employed  
The sword, the axe had else destroyed.  
Head, shoulder, hip, and body guard  
De Vorden’s skill held well, but hard;  
He plays to dash the strokes askew  
When aimed direct, for these he knew  
Might snap the best sword blade in two.  
In full defence he watched, in hope  
Some lapse in Ulick’s play, might ope  
Unguarded passage for a thrust  
To lay him lifeless in the dust.  
Now, back and forward, to and fro,  
As hazards of the contest go,

Go they. Thus each defends, assails ;  
Yet neither, speed nor skill, avails  
As yet, to win a vantage stroke,—  
Nor axe was hacked, nor sword was broke.—

Thus long they fought till waning breath  
Gave warning that the race for death  
Must rest awhile. Each keen surveyed  
The other,—then, his axe or blade  
Each scrutinized. With keener gaze  
They stare, and either's strength appraise.  
Hard-breathing, shaking, sweating, spent,  
Each foeman on his weapon leant.  
Oh ! do they now the feud repent ?—  
Whenever did revenge relent ?—  
As strength revived the Palesman grew  
Hot-willed the conflict to renew.—  
His brow in writhing pain, the Celt  
His axe-arm with his left hand felt.  
Oh ! surely, sharp must be the pain  
Which makes bold Ulick's brow complain,  
And own his hurt, howe'er severe,  
And give De Vorden cause for cheer,—  
In awesome murmurings, half-aloud—  
"His head's De Vorden's !" said the crowd,  
"Save Ulick's arm can make defence."  
Ah !—small they deemed his pain, *pretence*  
Quick as a dart from bow of yew,  
With axe in air lithe Ulick flew

Upon his foe, whose ready blade  
Straight met the blow so fiercely made.  
Snapping the sword in twain like lath,  
The axe clove in its downward path  
De Vorden's breast. With voice as one  
The crowd exclaims,—“De Vorden's gone!”—  
So, had it been; but too great force  
Of blow not meeting in its course  
Resistance full, the axe did slip  
From out of Ulick's ardent grip,  
And from his wrist hung by the sling.  
Oh precious moment!—With a spring  
The Palesman at his foeman dashed,  
And grasped his axe-arm firm, and gashed  
With broken sword his neck. Off, rolled  
Had Ulick's head, and kissed the mould,  
But that he grasped the broken blade  
And desperate wrestle for it made.  
A futile chance!—The strife at length  
Had passed from weapon-skill to strength.  
Oh! supple Celt, thy cunning great,  
If it outvie De Vorden's weight?

A-stream with blood from neck and breast,  
They put their mettle to the test  
In final bout. A moment stare  
They eye to eye; the hateful glare  
Aroused a stubborn will in each  
To wrench and hold from either's reach

The fractured sword. Hard strove these two  
As conscious weakness in them grew ;  
The force of strife, the oozing blood,—  
A life stream spending fast,—its flood  
In gushing tides flowed down their frames :  
And now a stifling faintness tames  
Their spirit's fire to overthrow  
By one forced spurt of power the foe.  
They try a throw, no force of frame  
To back their spirit's ardour came.  
But, blood-drenched sward, and wandering sense,  
And dazing sight mar stout defence.  
Now, slipping, on the sanguined slop  
They fall,—'Twas more a helpless drop,  
Which shook them each a moment free.  
De Vorden, stilted on one knee,  
Raised slowly, and with palsied hand,  
O'er Ulick's neck the broken brand ;  
And groaned in accents gasping thick,—  
"Wolf of the Wold, come slay me quick  
Or quicker shall thy head be mine."  
"Jakkman accurst ! my head is thine,  
Canst shear it from its shoulder two ?"  
In mocking tones hissed Ulick Rhu,  
And raised a hand to meet the sword  
Descending,—which he sought to wrest ;—  
And thrust the other at the gored  
And gaping wound the Palesman's breast  
Displayed beneath his riven vest,  
To pluck his heart and loot his life.  
But, Nature here cried quits with strife,

For, ere the broke sword had descended,  
Or ere the wound was wider rended,  
De Vorden swooned, and missed the blow,  
And swooning fell athwart his foe.—  
The blow which dealt as he endeavoured  
Had Ulick's head and neck dissevered.  
Escaped the blow by Doom of Fate,  
Celtman ! thy vantage comes too late,  
Thy ousted strength, thy foeman's weight,  
Down helpless hold thee, Ulick Rhu !  
Thou lookst the act thy rage would do :  
But looks kill not, and all too soon  
He too, expires in death-like swoon :—  
Thus ends 'twixt Celt and Palesman good  
Their life-long threatened feud of blood.

SIDNEY.

Call forth the Leech ! an if they live  
To each his heart's desire I give ;  
They shall be friends. De Vorden's fame  
Hath won him lands, and knighthood's claim :  
And Rory Ogue shall bide in peace  
To Chief it o'er the lands of Leix.

FINIS.

# NOTES TO GRANUAILE.

## NOTES TO CANTO FIRST.

### NOTE 1, PAGE 11.

*"For epoch since or erst, acclaimed a throng  
So rich in mind, philosophy and song."*

It is almost needless to remind the reader that the men of Queen Elizabeth's reign were more gifted than those who lived during any other period of English History. Their versatility and power of intellect, their dauntless enterprisings, and far-visioned policy, laid the foundations of our present Empire.

### NOTE 2, PAGE 12.

*"Of mortal folks, depict, in 'Faerie Queen.'"*

The weird scenes, and weirder legends, of Spenser's "Faerie Queen" would never have been written, with the same strangeness of conception and sweetness of rhythm, had not his Muse emigrated, with himself, to Ireland. There, the minds of the people, with whom he associated, lived in Fairy Worlds; and in full credence of the fabricated peoples, laws, and governments of these Worlds. The rare ideas, matted into a tangle of crude verse by the untutored native bards, the highly cultured Muse of Spenser wove into the symmetry and beauty of a song of everlasting texture. Had Spenser never left England his song would, no doubt, have been a masterpiece, but never would have reached the pitch of its present exalted strain.

It was providential for the wealth of our literature that Edmond Spenser made his dreaming bed upon the emerald sward of Irish Wonderland. I must plead poetic licence for the anachronism of ante-dating the publication of the "Faerie Queen."

### NOTE 3, PAGE 16.

*"Much Raleigh, thou didst roam  
The Irish Coast, depict, we pray, the home  
Where dwells this ocean Queen."*

Sir Walter Raleigh's tour around the coast of Ireland was the apprentice trip to his celebrated voyage to the Spanish Main.

### NOTE 4, PAGE 16.

*"The shores you ask."*

The Killeries—a magnificent fiord—at whatever time of the year they may be viewed—form a panorama of natural grandeur. So deep and extensive is their high-walled basin that the whole British Navy might anchor with ease in its waters. During a short, and only visit to the Killeries, I

was struck by the restlessness of the whole scene ; ever-changing seemed sky, mountain, and sea ; and never looking in the same humour for half-an-hour together. One afternoon, during a violent thunderstorm, the atmosphere grew so dark that it gave one the feeling of being entombed in a high roofed cave ; and so invested was the whole scene with mist and cloud that not a vestige of sky, rock, or tree could be seen. On the night of that day, a full-faced silver moon, and the fiery-eyed stars, had the solid blue sky to themselves. The clouds had wept themselves to death. It seemed as if the rain of the afternoon's storm, acting like a gigantic hose—and its wind playing the part of a universal brush—washed and swept the atmosphere clean of mist and cloud. The sides of the Killeries, were, in the time of Elizabeth, clad with pines, firs, oaks, and ash.

NOTE 5, PAGE 17.

*" On Island Clare."*

Clare Island stands like a sentinel at the opening of Clew Bay. The sides of the bay are so parallel that it forms a water-street, and Clare Island looks like a monument at the end of it. The Island was the chief stronghold of Granuaile. It is related that, in those days of danger and desperate doings, she had, in connection with her sleeping apartment in the castle, a rope, one end of which was attached to her wrist when asleep at night, and the other end within reach of the retainer who kept watch and ward on the beach ; and whose duty it was to give Granuaile warning of the approach of danger, by pulling his end of the rope.

NOTE 6, PAGE 17.

*" But here advance the lords of foreign courts,  
Their nations' traits are imaged in their ports."*

The late Mr. Froude, in his "History of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," gives a rather depreciating account of the appearance of Shane O'Neill at the Court of that monarch. We may well imagine if the Irish Chieftain, Shane O'Neill, excited great curiosity amongst Elizabeth's courtiers, an Irish Chieftainness would excite much greater attention. Mr. Froude pens O'Neill's appearance at Court as follows :—"The Council, the Peers, the ambassadors, bishops, aldermen, dignitaries of all kind were present in State, as if at the exhibition of a wild animal of the desert. O'Neill stalked in, his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling on his back, and clipped short before the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre, frowning, fierce, and cruel. Behind him followed his galloglasses, bareheaded and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached their knees, a wolfskin flung across the shoulders, and short, broad battle-axes in their hands."—*Vol. vii., page 32.* Mr. Froude's History is patched, here and there, with prejudice which mars the unquestioned power of this eminent historian.

NOTE 7, PAGE 18.

*" From whom this Granuaile, O'Malley Mhor."*

Mr. Froude, in the same history, relates—"Strange figures appeared to



pay their homage. Among them, Granna O'Malley, a famous virago of Connaught, who came round from Achill with her three pirate galleys."—*Vol. xi., page 187.*

NOTE 8, PAGE 18.

*"Derives descent, almost from ancient yore,  
Remote as race of high O'Neill's."*

The descent of O'Neill is supposed to be the most ancient in Ireland—from the head of the house of Heremon, Ard-Righ Niall. Mhor (great) Naighiallach. (Nine Hostages). He lived from about A.D. 379 to 406.

"I have an old claim as King of Scotland, for the ancient Kings of Scotland are descended from the Kings of Ireland."—*James the First's Speech to the Irish Agents, 1614.*

It was, therefore, an oversight of Thomas Moore to write:—

*"The emerald gem of the Western World  
Was set in the crown of a stranger."*

His words would be true had they been applied to any English monarch prior to James the First. But he, and every British monarch succeeding him, were the direct descendants, through the Scottish dynasty, of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. The emerald gem is set in the right crown, its own ancient one.

NOTE 9, PAGE 19.

*"A future foeman in the insulted Page."*

Hugh O'Neill turned, in his latter days, the great rebel leader of the Celtic race in Ireland.

NOTE 10, PAGE 20.

*"From rainbow rays the ancient pattern springs."*

Eugene O'Curry is my authority for the description of the dress of the ancient Irish.

NOTE 11, PAGE 29.

*"Of Norman Harry forced by lance and craft."*

It is a well-known fact that the majority of the descendants of the Norman conquerors of Ireland, and the bulk of its subsequent invaders and colonists, became in time "More Irish than the Irish themselves."

NOTE 12, PAGE 31.

*"Submissive is to Bingham's warrior art."*

Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught. His monument is to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

NOTE 13, PAGE 32.

*"Unfeigned o'er Walshingham's fair daughter's head."*

The reader will overlook making young Sidney, at so early a date, the lover of Walshingham's daughter, a lady whom he did not marry until the year 1583. At the time of the visit of Granuaile to Elizabeth's Court, Lady Penelope Devereaux, the heroine of his Arcadia, was the idol of his heart.

## NOTES TO SECOND CANTO.

NOTE 14, PAGE 38.

*"Wrapped in Eblana's rocky bay."*

Eblana, the ancient name given to the city of Dublin by Ptolemy.

NOTE 15, PAGE 38.

*"In sudden gusts the south-east breeze."*

During an extremely violent south-east storm, the shingle, and even large boulders are lifted by the waves from the shore, and dashed with terrific force against the side of Ben Eadir. Some years ago, an artillery man, who tenanted the Martello Tower, on Howth Hill, informed me that one year during the seventies, he saw what seemed to him whole tiers of shingle, and boulders lifted in succession from the beach, assaulting the cliff during the fury of the storm. The roar of the concussion, he declared, was louder than the noise of one hundred cannon fired simultaneously. In many cases he saw the boulders, after contact with the rock, fray to shingle, and a huge piece of rock detached, as it were, to replace the boulder frayed.

NOTE 16, PAGE 39.

*"Where dimly loomed Dunleary's strand."*

Dunleary is the ancient Irish name of Kingstown. The latter name was given to commemorate George the Fourth's visit to Ireland. Dunleary faces the Hill of Howth.

NOTE 17, PAGE 39.

*"Sharp shot from Black Ben Eadir's height."*

Ben Eadir, the ancient name of Howth Hill.

NOTE 18, PAGE 40.

*"Ensanguined rose on Carric Mhor."*

One of the high peaks of Howth overhanging the Castle.

NOTE 19, PAGE 41.

*"Where gape the haunted caves of Woar."*

There are some very wild traditions connected with the small caves in the side of Howth. One tale relates that all the spirits of the dead of the promontory are compelled to enter these caves, and hold in check an army of destructive demons, who had honeycombed the hill in order to work its downfall by undermining.

NOTE 20, PAGE 44.

*"While hawking o'er Slieve Martin's height."*

Slieve Martin is the Ben of Howth; its highest point being 569 feet above the sea level. This ben is surmounted by a cairn said to have been erected over the grave of King Crimthan, a famous hero of Pagan days. Slieve is Celtic for a mountain (Sliabh).

## NOTE 21, PAGE 50.

*"Points to the chantry of the Saint,  
Saint Fintan hight."*

On a portion of Sutton Strand stands the ruined Chantry of St. Fintan, where, and by whose saints, tradition declares great miracles were wrought upon drowned and injured sailors. There is a life written of St. Fintan in the Codex Kilkenniensis.

## NOTE 22, PAGE 53.

*"Was taught me by an Essene priest."*

It is supposed that our Lord belonged to the Essene Sect, who were the purest and most unworldly of the Jewish Church parties; and that they, surviving all other sects in Palestine, over-ran the East, leaving Jerusalem at the command of their Master.

## NOTE 23, PAGE 53.

*"For wist Saint Nesson's Isle yields roots."*

A small rocky island on the north side of Howth, called 'Ireland's Eye,' was named in early times Inis-mac-Nesson (the Island of the Children of Nesson). The island bears another and more beautiful name, Inis-Ereann, or Erias Island. Ireland's *ey* or island, is a Danish name given to it by the early Danish invaders of Ireland. Its herbal virtues, in former days, were proverbial throughout Ireland and Wales.

## NOTE 24, PAGE 54.

*"Than royal confidence betrayed."*

Betraying the confidence of a Sovereign, or outraging the claims of hospitality, was held in Ireland to be amongst the basest crimes committable.

## NOTE 25, PAGE 58.

*"Or scale the Killeries' giddiest crest,  
To foray from the eagle's nest."*

Some fine samples of the golden eagle are found to build amongst the Killeries, and their nests were often forayed for dinner supplies by the poor cottars.

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NOTES TO THIRD CANTO.

## NOTE 26, PAGE 60.

*"Where Mourne or Wicklow's heights appear."*

The Mourne mountains are on the north, and the Wicklow hills on the south of Howth. There is the greatest contrast in the appearance of the two. The former, wherever I saw them, seemed representative of night, the latter resplendant with all the beauties that light can develop.

## NOTE 27, PAGE 61.

*"O'er the Needles, the Staggs, and Saint Nesson's lone Isle."*

The Needles and Staggs are rocks on the coast having a fine bold effect, and around which many traditions crowd. For "Saint Nesson's lone Isle,"—See Note 23, *Canto ii.*

## NOTE 28, PAGE 61.

*"As lances in rest stand the Silver Spears' heights."*

Two beautiful, conical hills in the Wicklow range of mountains are called the "Silver Spears" from their straight, thin shape, and glittering tops, when the sun beams upon them. It was during an engagement with the O'Byrnes, the native clan of the "Spears" and the Dublin mountains, that young Harry the Fifth won his spurs and knighthood from Richard the Second.

## NOTE 29, PAGE 61.

*"Shanganagh's wide spreading vale."*

Shanganagh is an extensive and magnificent valley, finely wooded, and beginning at the base of Killiney Hill.

## NOTE 30, PAGE 62.

*"To great Saint Mary's monkless cloister."*

The Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary has an important history. It was founded by the Ostmen, or Danes of Dublin. Its first Abbot died in the year 998 A.D. After the sequestration of the monasteries and other religious houses, St. Mary's Abbey was used occasionally as the Court of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and also for other secular purposes.

## NOTE 31, PAGE 65.

*"His headland was wharf to the Sassanagh sail."*

Howth was the great landing stage of the English Deputies; generals, and other important-posted people, sent to Ireland. Granuaile landed there, 1575, and, on being refused hospitality at the Castle, carried off the heir; whom she restored on condition that at dinnertime the doors of the Castle should be thrown wide open, and a plate, and a seat, reserved, at the dining-table, for any stranger who might land at Howth and need hospitality. Lord Grey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, landed in 1580. In 1594 Sir William Russel who was sworn in Lord Deputy; on landing, Lord Howth claimed him and his suite as guests for the evening.

In 1599 Lord Mountjoy, and Sir George Carew landed and spent the night at the Castle.

## NOTE 32, PAGE 66.

*"Or Peter of Down, sea-scummer and fear  
Of the north, and east coasts, for many a year."*

Peter of Down was a bold and celebrated pirate who became the terror of the east and north coasts of Ireland. He was called by the Irish the

Sea-scurmer. Peter carried his piratical practices to the coasts of England and Scotland.

NOTE 33, PAGE 68.

*"Since Finn cast quoits from the Bailey to Kill."*

It is a local tradition that Finn-Ma-Coul, the great Irish giant, played quoits from the Bailey point on Howth to Killiney on the opposite side of Dublin Bay.

NOTE 34, PAGE 83.

*"Centuries of trust unbroken  
Proved to the Crown in bond and blood  
By all my House in field and flood."*

"By a singular happiness, during so long a series of years, not one of the St. Lawrences of Howth has been convicted of treason."—*Camden*.

#### NOTES TO FOURTH CANTO.

NOTE 35, PAGE 87.

*"In crypted cell on allar-stone."*

A Druid altar-stone, or cromlech, lies near the Castle, which was, at one time, surrounded by oaks. Tradition declares that this cromlech is one of the quoits with which Finn-Ma-Coul, the Irish giant, was wont to play. He and his followers held Howth in the fourth century. Howth, from its prolificness in oak trees, was called Ben Eadir or Ben-na-dair, the hill of the oaks.

NOTE 36, PAGE III.

*"Slieve Martin's height  
Crowned with a king's sepulchred cairn."*

King Crimthan was one of the heroic celebrities of ancient Ireland. He seems to have extended his fighting line as far, even, as Italy. According to the Four Masters, on one occasion he returned to Howth with an immense quantity of valuable booty, which, from the nature of its description, must have been the property of some noble Roman General.

NOTE 37, PAGE II3.

*"Rings sweet from Nair, who charmed us to yon sphere."*

Nair is the traditional other world tutelary spirit which accompanied Crimthan on all his expeditions.

NOTE 38, PAGE II4.

*"To mark the spot where Crimthan's dust doth rest."*

It was an ancient custom, supposed to be accompanied with blessing, for a visitor to the grave of a great Celtic Chieftain, to lay a stone, carried from some distant quarter, upon his cairn—a sure method of monumental perpetuation!

## NOTES TO FIFTH CANTO.

NOTE 39, PAGE 121.

*"Him coign and him livery all men must pay."*

Coign and livery meant man's meat and horse meat. It was the common covenant in ancient Ireland between landlord and tenant, that the landlord could, at will and on any occasion, demand coign and livery of his tenants. This relationship between them is summed up in the tenant's expression to his landlord—"Spend me, and defend me."

NOTE 40, PAGE 123.

*"The print in the clay  
Of a Jakkman's boot where our bivouac lay."*

This song is founded on a story told me when a youth, by an old yeoman in the Queen's County. He, with two others, had been watching, from behind a thick-set hedge near a wood, a band of moonlighters who were expected to pass that way. Fearing the consequences of discovery, and being overpowered by numbers, the yeomen hit upon a ruse which they decided to carry out. The yeomen of the county wore a peculiar kind of hob-nailed boot, known as the "Yeoman's Boot." The trio stepped out from their ambush, and having trampled carefully the soft ground in their vicinity, to some considerable extent, returned again to their ambush. Then one of the yeomen having changed his garments for the garb of a peasant, stepped out and wandered to some distance near the wood. He had not been out long when he heard the moonlighters coming towards him in great force. When they met, the rebels asked the yeoman his name, where he came from, and if he had seen anything of a patrol of yeomanry? He replied, "I came from Leix, and this evening I met a party of yeomen, who struck their camp close by, for some distance further on." Not trusting their informant, two of them compelled him to proceed with them to the spot which he had pointed out as the yeomen's recent camp; and on coming to the place, the moonlighters in a great state of excitement beheld hundreds of prints in the clay of the yeomen's boots; and running towards their companions exclaimed, "Run! run! they are out! Run for the sake of whole skins." The whole multitude fled in fright at the sight of the prints of the yeomen's hobnailed boots.

NOTE 41, PAGE 123.

*"Wild Rory Ogue."*

Young Rory O'More, a celebrated outlaw.

NOTE 42, PAGE 123.

*"To the Rories Aboo."*

Aboo, was the war cry of some Irish Clans.

NOTE 43, PAGE 124.

*"Two pounds of beef daily are rations for four."*

According to "Pacata Hibernia," the soldier of the Elizabethan period

in Ireland was allowed as rations—two pounds of beef for four men per day; eight herrings for every four men, on alternate days; and meal and ale, as much as each man could eat and drink.

NOTE 44, PAGE 124.

*"Garronsman's Bed."*

A Horseman's or Garronsman's Bed was a common nickname for the grave.

NOTE 45, PAGE 125.

*"Plains of Eadir's Flocks."*

The romantic plains of Clontarf are named in the Irish Annals "The Ancient Plains of Eadir's Flocks," and also "The Green Fields of the Bull."

NOTE 46, PAGE 125.

*"Kincora's dying sword effaced,  
But Strongbow's sanguined arms replaced."*

The above note refers to Brian Boru, who was slain at the battle of Clontarf, 1014. He is often called Kincora, after his patrimony in Killaloe. The note refers also to Strongbow, Earl Pembroke, who conquered Ireland, 1169.

NOTE 47, PAGE 127.

*"The Prince of the Chiefs of the race of Dal-Cais."*

Brian Boru was descended from the Dal-Cais, and was termed the Prince of that race.

NOTE 48, PAGE 128.

*"The Irish Norman Knights of Saint John."*

When Earl Strongbow ruled at Dublin, he converted the ancient Abbey of Kilmainham into a Preceptory for the Knights Templars. Upon the suppression of the Order in 1312, Kilmainham was granted to the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. At Clontarf both orders, respectively, had a "House affiliated to Kilmainham."

NOTE 49, PAGE 130.

*"From Bagge and Bunn creek with their lance."*

Strongbow and his fellow knights, on their arrival in Ireland, landed at Bagge and Bunn near Waterford—

*"At the Creeke of Bagganbun,  
Ireland it was lost and wonne."*

And, "When the Gallants of Britaine entred the country (Ireland), they found neither dastards nor cowards, but valiant men with horse and foot."—*Dr. Harmer's Chronicle.*

NOTE 50, PAGE 132.

*"Yet in the 'Green Fields of the Bull.'"*

See note 46.

## NOTE 51, PAGE 139.

*"He yonder built his holy cell,  
And raised his chapelrie."*

Saint Dolough's Church is a small but remarkable building, and utterly unlike in structure any Gothic building with which the writer is acquainted. It is a curiosity amongst churches. Saint Dolough's Well, a little away from the Church, is covered by a roofed gothic structure, having four narrow entrances into the Well,—North, South, East, and West. Tradition declares this structure Saint Dolough's Baptistry. Those baptized went into the water; first by the North opening, and came out by the South one; then they entered the West, and came out at the East opening. Thus forming in their baptism an ambulatory sign of the Cross.

## NOTE 52, PAGE 140.

*"And preach to rival Primate Brown."*

George Brown, an Augustinian Friar, was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin in 1535. He embraced the Reformation. In 1551, three years before his death, he received the title—"Primate of all Ireland," which had that year been transferred from the See of Armagh to that of Dublin.

## NOTE 53, PAGE 141.

*"Most holy of the sacred glades, etc."*

At Oxmantown, or Ostmanby, where the Danes of Dublin had one of their chief seats, there stood a great wood of oak trees which were held in sacred veneration, and renowned in many Christian countries for their preservative virtues. The ancient cathedral-builders resorted to Ostmanby wood for roofage timber, specially. The oaks of Ostmanby had the reputation of being impervious to rot, and resistive of the ravages of insects. Hanmer in his Chronicle, relates as follows:—"The faire greene or Commone, now called Osmontowne-greene, was all wood, and hee that diggeth at this day to any depth, shall find the ground full of great rootes. From thence, Anno 1098, King William Rufus, by licence of Murchard, had that frame which made up the roof of Westminster Hall, where no English spider webbeth or breedeth to this day."

## NOTE 54, PAGE 142.

*"Little John's Shot."*

Holinshed relates, "In 1189 A.D. there were three robbers and outlaws in England, two of whom were named Robin Hood and Little John. The latter fled to Ireland, where the citizens of Dublin, finding him an excellent archer, requested him to exhibit a specimen of his skill; upon which he stood upon Dublin bridge, and shot his arrow into Oxmantown green."

In early days, while passing through Oxmantown, I saw a fine specimen of a man, evidently a member of the "Ancient Order of Foresters," coming towards me, in full forester's dress. So struck was I with the



perfect symmetry of the man, and the beauty of his uniform (both man and uniform suiting each the other to perfection) that I turned and followed him, admiringly, a long distance. The incident so filled my mind with Ostmantown's association with "Merry Sherwood" that it eventuated in the ballad, "Little John's Shot."

Ostmantown derives its name from being one of the seats of the Eastmen, (Ostmen) or Danes.

The reader, I trust, will be lenient with me for placing Little John as living in the reign of Richard the Second, instead of that of Richard the First.

NOTE 55, PAGE 143.

*"A-riding the Franchises Bound to Bound."*

At one time, riding the franchises of a city was a necessary, although romantic, pastime. There were many charters granted to the citizens of Dublin for riding the franchises. These charters, from their quaintness, will well repay the time spent in reading them. In the Charter of King John, it is stated that the liberties break off at the Church of St. Mary's, Ostmanley. In Richard the Second's Charter, it is stated the ride should be—"Along the water of Amliffy, to the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Ostmanby. In the Charter of Henry the Seventh, it is remarked the franchises riders went—"To the Island of Clontarf, and so by the river Annaliffe, alongst westward to and without the side of the stone wall of St. Mary's Abbey, betwixt it and the river, and so through the Abbey-lane to the street of *Oxmantown*, and then for order sake, they rode in good order over the bridge, and about the city the longest way, till they came to the Mayor's door, where every one, blessing the King's Majesty, took leave of the Mayor and posted to their houses."—See *Whitelaw's History of the City of Dublin*.

NOTE 56, PAGE 146.

*"O'Toole, O'Bryne, and all their clan."*

It was a common occurrence for these two daring clans to swoop down from the Dublin and Wicklow mountains, upon the citizens of Dublin, whenever a good opportunity opened. For instance, on Easter Monday, 1209, when the citizens of Dublin went forth for amusement to Cullenswood, a short distance from the city, the O'Bryne's and O'Toole's fell upon them, and slew 500. These citizens were part of a colony from Bristol. That day was named Black Monday, and the district where the action took place "The Bloody Fields." For years afterwards it became an institution with the Dublin citizens to march out to Cullenswood on Easter Monday to provoke the clansmen to battle.

NOTE 57, PAGE 154.

*"The Teagues from out his city walls."*

When Thomas Mereward, Mayor of Dublin, took the oath to Richard the Second, one of the passages in the oath stipulated—"You are to

punish all stragglers, idlers, and lazy people that be able to work, and to banish all country beggars from this city (Dublin) who come several times only for spies, etc., etc." It was ancient custom to drive out all such ne'er-do-weels by beat of drum.

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NOTES TO SIXTH CANTO.

NOTE 58, PAGE 156.

*"Ere Gideon's sword struck free Jehovah's own."*

Dublin was evidently known as a scholastic centre of the Solomon of ancient Ireland, Ollamh Fodlah, who lived B.C. 1300. See note 64.

NOTE 59, PAGE 156.

*"When learned Ptolemy descried thy shore."*

Cladius Ptolemy, who wrote during the reign of Antoninus, Pius A.D. 140, gave Dublin one of its ancient names, *Eblana Civitas*. Ptolemy was celebrated for his mathematical, astronomical, and geographical attainments.

Dublin bears a variety of names. To the ancient Irish it was known as "*Drom-Choll-Coil*." "The Brow of the Hazel Wood." By modern Gaelic speakers the city is called, "*Bally Ath-Cleath*, the Town of the Ford of Hurdles." This is probably Dublin's most ancient name, from the fact that it was so called when the river Liffey was bridgeless and bankless; the city's only approach being over a causeway of hurdles laid across the marshy portion of the river. The Fingals or "White Strangers" who settled in North Dublin, termed the city, "*Divelin*." To the Welsh it was known as "*Dinas-Dulin*." Others derive the name from the ancient hostelry of the Double-Inns which once stood in Winetavern Street: and others again from the Gaelic, *Dubh-Linn*, "The Dark Water."

NOTE 60, PAGE 156.

*"Of Christ-Church of the Blessed Trinitie."*

From the following passage taken from Whitelaw's History of Dublin, it would seem that the Authorities of the two cathedrals did not always work in perfect harmony. "This year (1300) a final and amicable agreement was made between the prior and canons of the Holy Trinity, and the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which was strengthened by the common seal of each chapter. The principal heads of it were—That the Archbishop should be consecrated and enthroned in Christ Church; that each should be called, cathedral and metropolitical; that Christ Church, as being the greater, the mother, and the older Church, shall have the precedence in all rights and concerns of that church; that the cross, mitre, and ring of every archbishop, in whatever place he died, should be deposited in Christ Church; and that each church should have their turn in the interment of the bodies of their archbishop, unless otherwise ordered by their wills."

## NOTE 61, PAGE 156.

*"Hail! honoured pile, historic fane.  
Dole-tribute of the ruthless Dane."*

In the year 1038 A.D., Sitric, son of Anliffe, the Danish King of Dublin, gave to Donat, Bishop of Dublin "The Plot of the Arches," whereon to erect a church to honour the Blessed Trinity. The "Arches" formed an early Christian foundation.

## NOTE 62, PAGE 157.

*"Ere sainted Succoth turned to God  
The land in youth a slave he trod."*

Succoth was the sir name of St. Patrick, devised, no doubt, from a place situated near Glasgow, where the Saint was born. The name Succoth in Scotland was evidently given by some Holy Land wanderer from the Valley of Succoth, near the River Jordan.

## NOTE 63, PAGE 158.

*"The Dubh-Ghall Dane, and Fin-Ghall Norse."*

The "Dark Strangers," or "Black Danes," and the "White Strangers," or Norseman. The former inhabited the south side of Dublin, and the latter the north side.

## NOTE 64, PAGE 159.

*"The College—where All Hallow's School."*

On the representation of Sir John Perrott, then Lord Deputy of Ireland, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to found a University in honour of "The Holy and Undivided Trinity near Dublin." The University is built upon the site of the old Augustinian Seminary on Hoggin's Green, now College Green.

Tradition declares that Ollamh Fodlah, King of Ireland, 3236 A.M., a great patron of learning, founded a Druidical School where Trinity College now stands. At Tarah he erected an Athenæum, called *Mur-Ollomhan*, "The Building of the Bards," where the learned men of Ireland found scope for study and teaching. They were maintained at the expense of Ollamh Fodlah, and from the mother seminary at Tarah. Many daughter off-shoots were established throughout the land. To judge by the tomb on the Loughcrew Hills, and other evidence of this ancient worthy, he must certainly have been looked upon as a Solomon amongst his people. See "The Tomb of Ollamh Fodhla, Ireland's famous monarch and law-maker," by Eugene Alfred Conwell, M.R.I.A.

## NOTE 65, PAGE 159.

*"From that disciple Jesus loved."*

The Irish Church Clergy trace their Orders direct to Saint John, though St. Patrick, Martin of Tours, and through him to the Church of Lyons up to Polycarp, the disciple of St. John.

NOTE 66, PAGE 159.

*"'Tis well!—for then it claimed a 'Hell.'"*

Under Christ Church Cathedral there existed a street called "Hell." In this quarter some of the Law Courts were held; and as the street was mostly composed of taverns, it became notorious for those evil qualities for which its first born namesake is renowned. In Whitelaw's History of Dublin, 1798, under the heading "Deanery of Christ Church" is the following:—

NAMES OF STREETS.	POPULATION.			HOUSES.	
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Houses Inhabited.	Waste.
Christ Church Lane, east side,	17	12	29	4	0
Hell, - - - - -	16	26	42	3	1
Christ Church Yard, - -	58	78	136	14	1
Two Houses, - - -	17	9	26	2	0

Dublin was not hypocritical enough, like other cities, to possess an orgie-quarter without having the virtue to label it with its proper name. At one time this Dublin inferno was renowned all over the world. Burns makes mention of it in his "Death and Dr. Hornbook."

"Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell,  
Or Dublin City."

NOTE 67, PAGE 160.

*"Ycleped it was—'The Sable Dog.'"*

The Black Dog was the name of a most wretched and foul Dublin prison. Most forbidding tales are told of its prisoners and gaolers.

NOTE 68, PAGE 161.

*"Methinks thou sleepest Murchard's sleep."*

Murchard, a chieftain of the people of Castleknock, on hearing that St. Patrick was coming to preach the Gospel in his district, and not wishing to hear, or entertain him, sent word to the Saint that he was asleep. He did sleep, and in that sleep died. Murchard's fate gave rise to the saying applied to the last sleep. "Thou sleepest Murchard's sleep."—*Vide, "Dr. Hanmer's Chronicle of Ireland."*

NOTE 69, PAGE 161.

*"The Royal clocks from every tower."*

"The Royal Clocks," were the three clocks,—the first seen in Ireland—presented by Queen Elizabeth to "Ye Cittye of Dublyn to be placed in ye towers of ye Castell, ye Tholsell and Saint Patrick's Church, and for ye purpose of tellyng ye cittye when to wayke, and ye divers tymes when to eatte, and goe to bedde bye."—*See Charter Grant.*

NOTE 70, PAGE 167.

*"Long live our Deputy!—Our Queen!"*

See Derrick's account of Sir Henry Sidney's entry into Dublin.

The only perfect copy known of Derrick's valuable work is in the British Museum. Writing of Irish outlaws he relates:—

To Dublin they them beare  
Now if a thief in bande  
Or if a ranke knave,  
As liethe within the lande,  
His hedde is poled up  
Upon the Castle high  
Beholdyng starres as tho' he were  
In high astronomie."

The leaning of the two Sidneys towards Republicanism, which was so prominently developed in their namesake Algernon, is too well known to be commented upon here. The younger Sidney showed that leaning markedly during his difference with the Earl of Oxford.

The pride Sir Philip felt for his father's sway in Ireland is well expressed in his *Arcadia*:—

"How Ulster likes of that same golden bit  
Wherewith my father once made it half tame," etc.

NOTE 71, PAGE 187.

*"To single combat I assent."*

Several trials by combat took place in the Dublin Castle-yard; as for instance, in 1446 John David and William Catur fought, the latter being killed. Also Connor MacCormack O'Connor fought in single combat against Teige MacGilpatrick O'Connor, before the Lord Justices, in the inner court of the Castle-yard, 1583. The weapons chosen were sword and target. When the two combatants appeared "for greater solemnity of the trial," the Lords Justices, the judges, the counsellor, and military men, all according to their rank, attended. After the usual ceremonies, upon such occasions the combatants met at sound of trumpet. The contest resulted in Teige MacGilpatrick cutting off the head of his opponent, and presenting it to the assembled company.

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